THRILLING TALES OF HORROR & SUSPENSE

AUG. NO. 19

DARK MYSTERIES

10¢

I WANTED TO STUDY THE TORTURE SECRETS OF THESE ANCIENT CORPSES, BUT THEY CAME BACK TO LIFE..NOW THEY SAY I MUST DIE....READ THE RACK OF TERROR

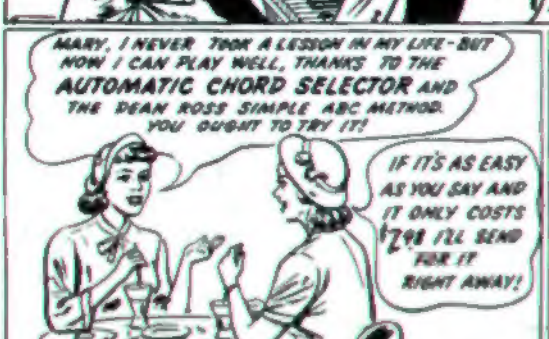
WEIRD TALES OF HORROR!

DARK MYSTERIES

Supermouse
STARTLING COMICS
JETTA
MYSTERY COMICS
FANTASTIC TALES
COSMO CAT
STARTLING COMICS
STRANGE MYSTERIES
DARING ADVENTURES
STARTLING COMICS
MYSTERY Tales
EXCITING COMICS
Famous Funnies
STRANGE WORLDS
WEBCOMIC UNIVERSE.COM
JETTA
STARTLING COMICS
MYSTERY Tales
STARTLING COMICS
BARNYARD COMICS
EXCITING COMICS
EERIE
EXCITING COMICS
CASPER CAT
DARING ADVENTURES

PLAY PIANO THE FIRST DAY.. OR DON'T PAY!

Here's Your Chance to BE POPULAR!



"I learned to play a song in 10 minutes."
—A.C.C., Washington

"Even if one never played a note it is easy."
—C.G.H., New Hampshire

"Now I can play sheet music beautifully."
—E.S., New York

Hundreds of thankful, enthusiastic letters like these are in our files.

New, PATENTED AUTOMATIC CHORD SELECTOR Guides Your Fingers

YOU, too, can play piano with BOTH hands, in no time at all! Thousands have learned to play this fast, easy way. With the amazing, new invention, the AUTOMATIC CHORD SELECTOR there's really nothing to it. Before long you're playing songs everyone enjoys . . . from Hit Parade numbers and hymns to beautiful old ballads.

This is no trick method. You actually learn to read and play any sheet music. And, the patented AUTOMATIC CHORD SELECTOR guides your fingers every note of the way. No scales, no exercises, no dreary practicing. You actually play the minute you sit down at the piano. You gain ease, assurance and a professional style as you go through the 30 lessons and 50 songs.

Instead of paying the studio charge of $5 a lesson, you can enjoy the 30 lessons, $150 worth, in the privacy of your home for just $2.98. The Dean Ross Piano Course can open up a whole new world of happiness. Now you can be the "hit" of every party . . . the center of attraction wherever you go. Don't delay another minute, mail the FREE-TRIAL Coupon NOW!

NO SCALES!
NO EXERCISES!
YOU PLAY INSTANTLY!

PATENT No. 2,473,222

Complete Course only $2.98—Including the PATENTED AUTOMATIC CHORD SELECTOR
No Extras—SEND NO MONEY!

You have 10 full days to prove to yourself the value of the Dean Ross Piano method. When the complete course with its 30 clearly illustrated lessons (worth $150 at the studio) and 50 favorite songs, together with the patented AUTOMATIC CHORD SELECTOR is delivered, pay postman just $2.98 plus postage. Try the course for 10 days with the understanding that you must learn to play with both hands or your full purchase price will be refunded at once. The patented AUTOMATIC CHORD SELECTOR is yours to keep in any event. You have nothing to lose . . . and popularity and fun to gain, so mail coupon today!

DEAN ROSS PIANO STUDIOS INC.,
45 West 45th Street — New York 36, N. Y.

10-Day FREE TRIAL COUPON — Mail Today!

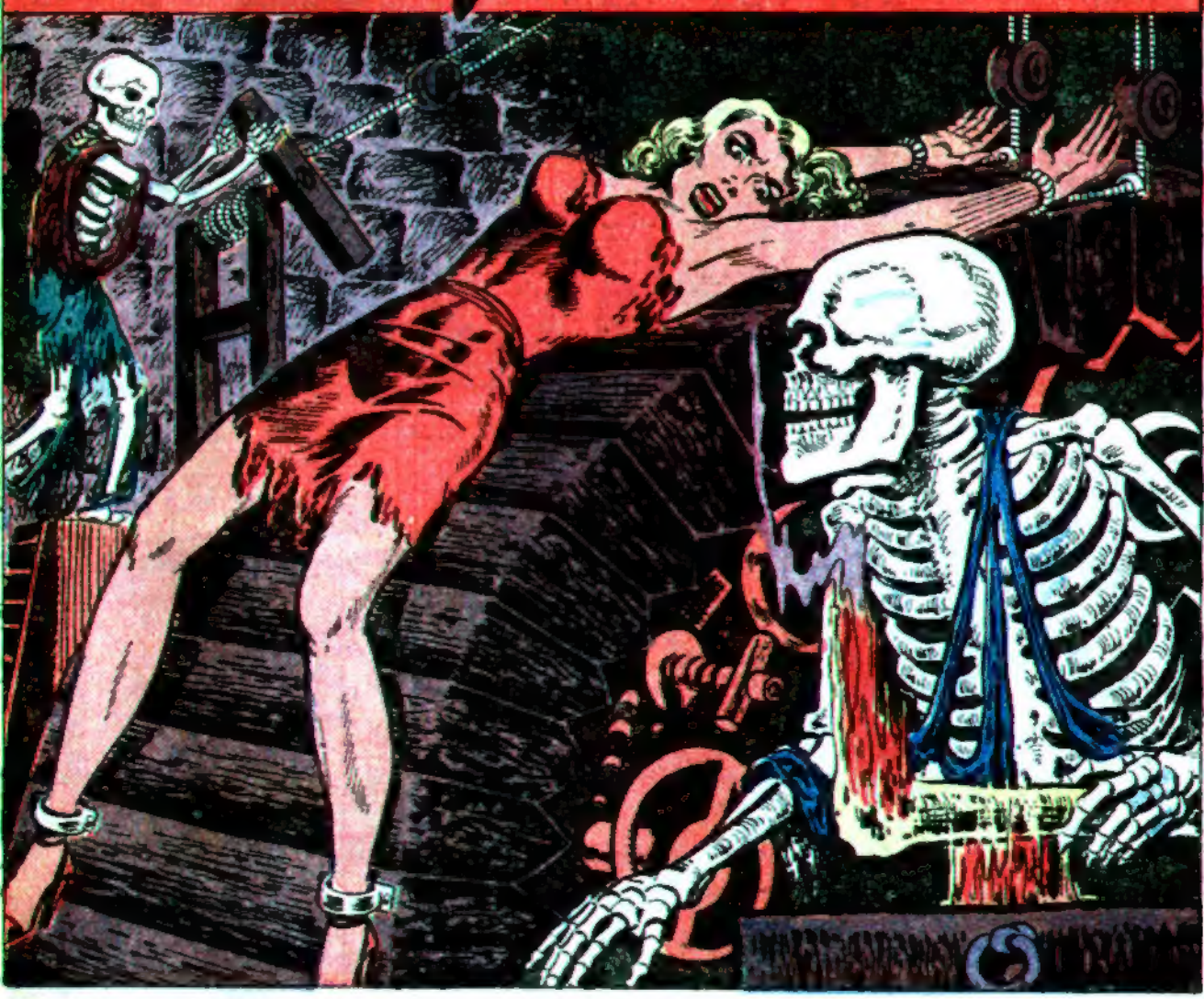
DEAN ROSS PIANO STUDIOS, INC., Dept. MCG-6,
45 West 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y.

Send the PATENTED AUTOMATIC CHORD SELECTOR with the complete Dean Ross Piano Course consisting of 30 illustrated lessons and 50 popular songs. On delivery, will pay postman only $2.98 plus postage. If not completely thrilled, I may return the Course in 10 days for immediate refund of purchase price. The PATENTED AUTOMATIC CHORD SELECTOR is mine to keep.

Name _____
(Please Print)
Address _____
City & Zone _____ State _____
☐ SAVE MONEY! Enclose $2.98 and we pay postage. Same Refund Guarantee

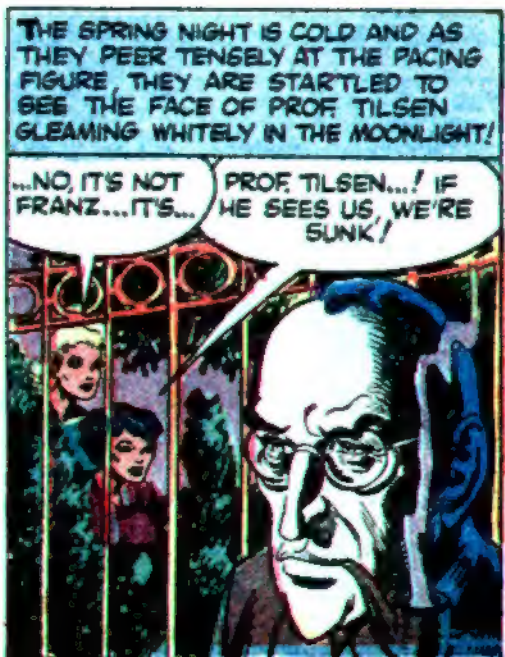
DARK MYSTERIES is published bimonthly by Master Comics, Inc., at 11 East 44th Street, New York 17, N. Y. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y. under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at the Post Office at Derby, Conn. Single copies 10c. Subscription 12 issues $1.20. World Wide Rights 1954, Master Comics, Inc., August 1954, Vol. 1, No. 19.
Printed in the USA

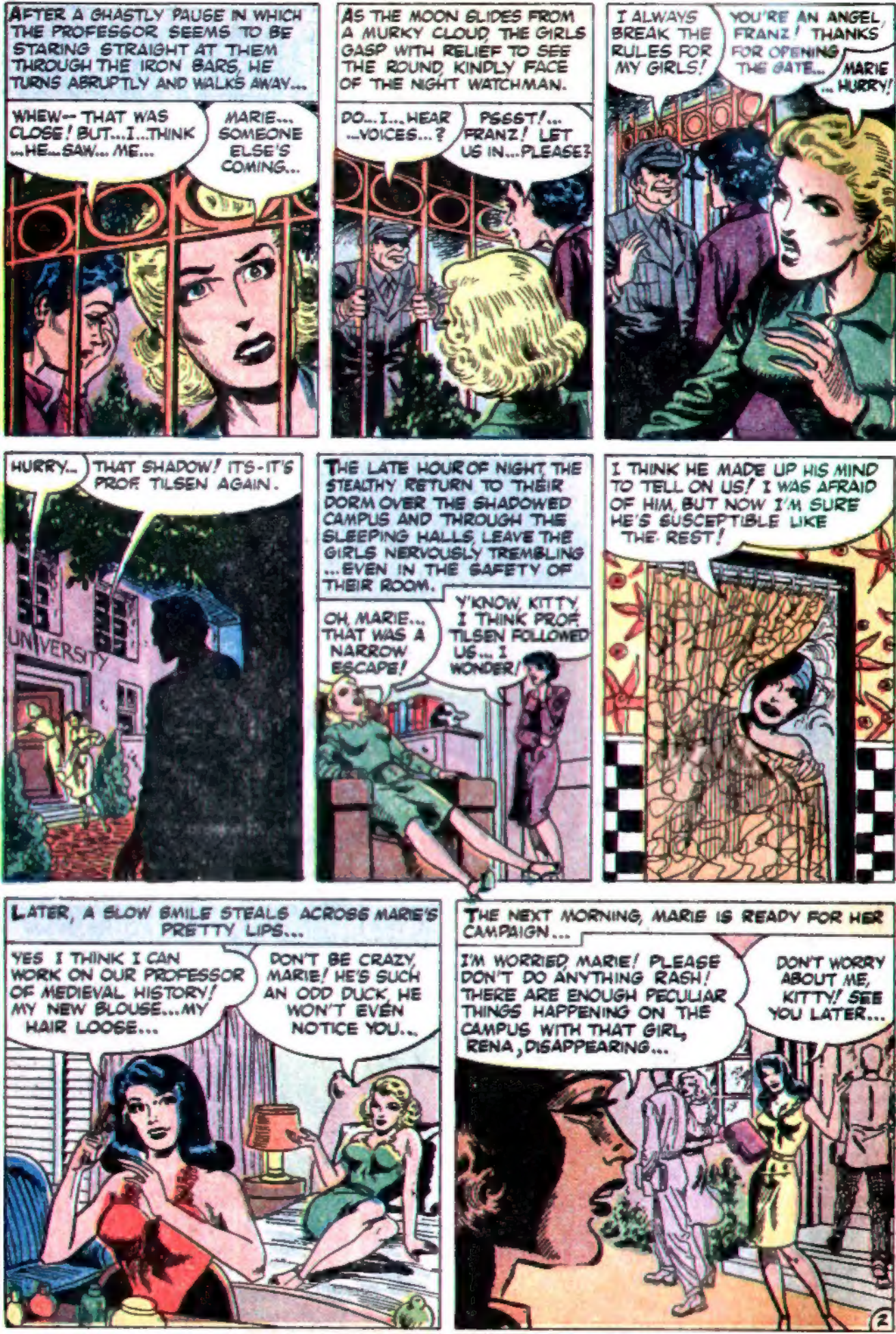
RACK of TERROR!



THE TWO FRIGHTENED GIRLS HUDDLE IN THE SILENT DARK SHADOWS! FOR PROTECTION, THEY HAVE ONLY THE MORE FRIGHTENING SHADOWS! THEY ARE BARELY BREATHING, AS THEY LISTEN FOR THE FRIENDLY ECHO OF THE NIGHT WATCHMAN'S WALK, BUT NOW THEY HEAR ONLY SLOW DELIBERATE FOOTSTEPS PACING BACK AND FORTH INSIDE THE UNIVERSITY GATES, AS THOUGH A PANTHER WERE STALKING IT'S PREY! TO BE CAUGHT RETURNING TO THE CAMPUS SO LATE AT NIGHT WOULD MEAN *EXPULSION!* WHY DOES THE UNKNOWN STRANGER HOVER NEAR THE GATE AT THIS HOUR?

THE SPRING NIGHT IS COLD AND AS THEY PEER TENSELY AT THE PACING FIGURE, THEY ARE STARTLED TO SEE THE FACE OF PROF. TILSEN GLEAMING WHITELY IN THE MOONLIGHT!




AFTER A GHASTLY PAUSE IN WHICH THE PROFESSOR SEEMS TO BE STARING STRAIGHT AT THEM THROUGH THE IRON BARS, HE TURNS ABRUPTLY AND WALKS AWAY...
WHEW-- THAT WAS CLOSE! BUT...I...THINK ...HE...SAW... ME...
MARIE... SOMEONE ELSE'S COMING...
AS THE MOON GLIDES FROM A MURKY CLOUD, THE GIRLS GASP WITH RELIEF TO SEE THE ROUND, KINDLY FACE OF THE NIGHT WATCHMAN.
DO...I...HEAR ...VOICES...?
PSSST!... FRANZ! LET US IN...PLEASE?
I ALWAYS BREAK THE RULES FOR MY GIRLS!
YOU'RE AN ANGEL, FRANZ! THANKS FOR OPENING THE GATE...
MARIE ... HURRY!
HURRY...
THAT SHADOW! IT'S-IT'S PROF. TILSEN AGAIN.
UNIVERSITY
THE LATE HOUR OF NIGHT, THE STEALTHY RETURN TO THEIR DORM OVER THE SHADOWED CAMPUS AND THROUGH THE SLEEPING HALLS, LEAVE THE GIRLS NERVOUSLY TREMBLING ...EVEN IN THE SAFETY OF THEIR ROOM.
OH, MARIE... THAT WAS A NARROW ESCAPE!
Y'KNOW, KITTY, I THINK PROF. TILSEN FOLLOWED US... I WONDER!
I THINK HE MADE UP HIS MIND TO TELL ON US! I WAS AFRAID OF HIM, BUT NOW I'M SURE HE'S SUSCEPTIBLE LIKE THE REST!
LATER, A SLOW SMILE STEALS ACROSS MARIE'S PRETTY LIPS...
YES I THINK I CAN WORK ON OUR PROFESSOR OF MEDIEVAL HISTORY! MY NEW BLOUSE...MY HAIR LOOSE...
DON'T BE CRAZY, MARIE! HE'S SUCH AN ODD DUCK, HE WON'T EVEN NOTICE YOU...
THE NEXT MORNING, MARIE IS READY FOR HER CAMPAIGN...
I'M WORRIED, MARIE! PLEASE DON'T DO ANYTHING RASH! THERE ARE ENOUGH PECULIAR THINGS HAPPENING ON THE CAMPUS WITH THAT GIRL, RENA, DISAPPEARING...
DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME, KITTY! SEE YOU LATER...
2

TODAY, MARIE TAKES A SEAT IN THE FRONT ROW...

WELL, MISS TRAIN, IT'S UNUSUAL TO FIND YOU SITTING UP FRONT!

I DON'T WANT TO MISS A WORD OF YOUR LECTURE ON THE SPANISH INQUISITION!

AT THE END OF THE SESSION, MARIE STOPS AT PROF. TILSEN'S DESK...

I'M GLAD YOU STOPPED, MISS...MISS TRAIN! I MUST SAY YOU ASKED SOME VERY INTELLIGENT QUESTIONS TODAY...

THIS IS EASY... HE'S ACTUALLY DROOLING!

THANK YOU SO MUCH, PROFESSOR. YOU MAKE MEDIEVAL HISTORY FASCINATING, BUT IT'S A DIFFICULT COURSE...

IT AMUSES MARIE TO SEE HIS EYES FASTEN ON HER WHITE SHOULDER...

PERHAPS IT WOULD BE LESS DIFFICULT IF YOU SPENT YOUR EVENINGS READING, M...MISS TRAIN, INSTEAD OF GOING OUT ON DATES EVERY NIGHT...

IS HE REFERRING TO LAST NIGHT, I WONDER?

IT WOULD BE SO NICE IF YOU COULD HELP ME SOME EVENING!

THAT EVENING, MARIE BUBBLES OVER WITH MERRIMENT AS SHE TELLS HER PLANS TO HER ROOMMATE, BUT KITTY FEELS A NERVOUS FOREBODING...

...BUT, MARIE, YOU KNOW YOU'RE NOT ALLOWED TO GO TO TILSEN'S HOUSE AT NIGHT, AND WITHOUT TELLING HIM, BESIDES, HE'S A QUEER FISH!

YOU SHOULD SEE HIS EYES STARING AT MY SHOULDER, KITTY. I CAN'T WAIT TO SEE HIS EXPRESSION WHEN I REALLY PLAY UP TO HIM!

AND DON'T FORGET THE TWO GIRLS WHO'VE DISAPPEARED FROM THE CAMPUS! I'LL WALK PART WAY!

AND DON'T LET US FORGET THAT TILSEN MAY HAVE SEEN US AFTER-HOURS! I'VE GOT TO MAKE SURE HE...HE... *LIKES* ME, SO I CAN STOP WORRYING ABOUT BEING EXPELLED!

A MOCKING LAUGH AND A WAVE OF THE HAND ARE MARIE'S GOODBYE TO HER NERVOUS ROOMMATE---

ARE YOU GOING TO CLIMB THAT AWFUL HILL TO HIS HOUSE, MARIE...?

HA-HA-HA! NATURALLY!

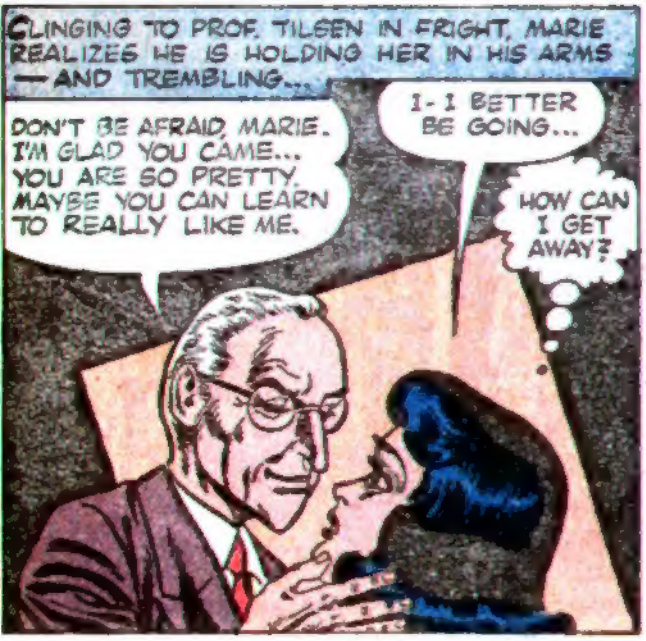
LOOKING UP AT THE VICTORIAN HOUSE PERCHED ON THE HILLTOP, MARIE FEELS COMFORT IN REALIZING THAT FRANZ'S COTTAGE IS NESTLING AT THE FOOT...

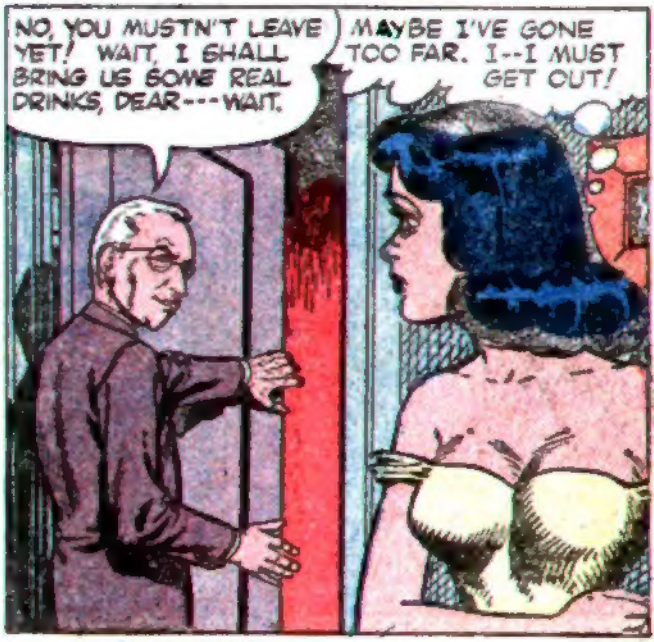
WELL... AT LEAST FRANZ IS NEARBY...

A FEW STEPS UPWARD, AND MARIE HEARS HER NAME CALLED---
MISS TRAIN--WHERE ARE YOU GOING? IT'S AGAINST THE RULES...
OH, FRANZ, YOU STARTLED ME! YOU'RE NOT GOING AGAINST ME NOW, ARE YOU?
BE NICE, FRANZ. I'VE GOT TO STUDY WITH PROF. TILSEN. PLEASE??
THAT HUMBUG TILSEN! I KNOW MORE ABOUT ANCIENT HISTORY THAN HE'LL EVER KNOW!
FACE TO FACE WITH THE ORNATE OLD HOUSE ON THE LONELY HILL AND LISTENING TO THE WIND IN THE GABLES LIKE LOW MOANING, MARIE SUDDENLY LOSES HER VERVE AND NERVE!
I REALLY AM STUPID COMING HERE...
REALIZATION OF WHAT SHE HAS DONE PROMPTS MARIE TO TURN AND FLEE--WHEN THE SOUND OF A DOOR OPENING ON CREAKING HINGES FREEZES HER TO THE SPOT...
OH, IT'S YOU, MISS TRAIN! I HEARD A SOUND--ER-- YOU MUST BE COMING TO SEE ME...
-ER-YES, PROF. TILSEN I NEEDED SOME HELP--
CREAK
BUT INSIDE THE HOUSE, MARIE SIGHS WITH RELIEF AT THE COZY ATMOSPHERE...
HA HA--I MUST CONFESS I ALMOST RAN AWAY, PROF TILSEN, BUT NOW I'M GLAD I'M HERE.
YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE COME HERE --MARIE--BUT NOW, I'M-- I'M GLAD, TOO.
OBVIOUSLY, THE PROFESSOR IS DELIGHTED WITH HER SURPRISE VISIT...
SUCH A THIN DRESS, MARIE-- LUCKY I HAVE A FIRE GOING...
IT'S LOVELY--MARK! ER--I CAME BECAUSE I MUST FINISH MY THESIS FOR YOUR CLASS AND I HOPED YOU'D SHOW ME YOUR COLLECTION OF MEDIEVAL OBJECTS!
PROF. TILSEN OPENED THE DOOR INTO ANOTHER WORLD — A STRANGE FASCINATING WORLD OF MEDIEVAL OBJECTS OF ART...
OH— WHAT A MARVELOUS COLLECTION YOU HAVE...
YES, I'LL SHOW YOU SOME OF MY TREASURES!

THAT BOOK CONTAINS A POISONOUS ASP.. RUB YOUR FINGERS ON THAT PAGE AND THE ASP WILL STING!

HE CALLS HER ATTENTION TO AN UGLY PIECE OF BLACK IRON--A TORTURING DEVICE!
...YOU SEE, MARIE, THE MEDIEVAL PERIOD DEVELOPED THE MOST INGENIOUS METHODS OF TORTURE. SEE YOUR HANDS FIT HERE-- AND A TURN OF THE LEVER WOULD CRUSH THEM... DO YOU WANT TO TRY THEM?
EEEEEEEH...


CLINGING TO PROF. TILSEN IN FRIGHT, MARIE REALIZES HE IS HOLDING HER IN HIS ARMS —AND TREMBLING...
DON'T BE AFRAID, MARIE. I'M GLAD YOU CAME... YOU ARE SO PRETTY. MAYBE YOU CAN LEARN TO REALLY LIKE ME.
I-I BETTER BE GOING...
HOW CAN I GET AWAY?


NO, YOU MUSTN'T LEAVE YET! WAIT, I SHALL BRING US SOME REAL DRINKS, DEAR---WAIT.
MAYBE I'VE GONE TOO FAR. I--I MUST GET OUT!

RUNNING DOWN TO THE CELLAR HER EYES FALL ON A SUIT OF ARMOR.
MAYBE I'M BEING FOOLISH... THIS LOOKS SO INNOCENT!

MARIE OPENS THE VIZOR TO CONVINCE HERSELF...
IT'S A SKELETON AND-- HAIR! GOLDEN HAIR! EEYAH! TILSEN, HE'S THE MAD FIEND!

FRANZ... HIS COTTAGE! I'LL GO THERE --- HE'LL SAVE ME.

TERROR GIVES WINGS TO THE FRIGHTENED GIRL — AND THE VOICE OF THE PROFESSOR CALLING HER BACK ONLY ADDS TO HER SPEED... DOWN THE STEPS — HE STARTED TO YELL —

COME BACK — MARIE — COME BACK... PLEASE DON'T BE FRIGHTENED!

HE'S — FOLLOWING ME!

LIKE A SCARED SQUIRREL, MARIE CRINGES IN THE SHADOWS OF FRANZ'S DOORWAY...

I MUST GET IN FRANZ'S HOUSE — BEFORE HE COMES BACK...

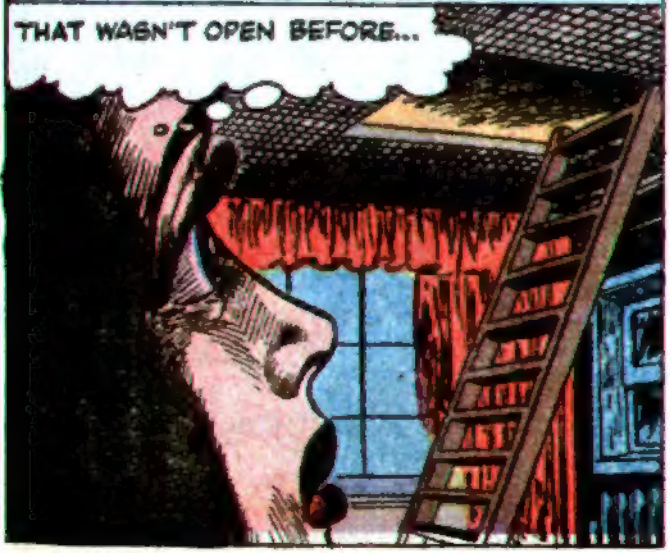
THERE IS NO ANSWER TO HER KNOCKS AND MARIE PEERS INSIDE...

FRANZ — HELP ME — FRANZ WHERE ARE YOU?

NOT IN HIS BEDROOM... FRANZ — FRANZ! HELP ME!

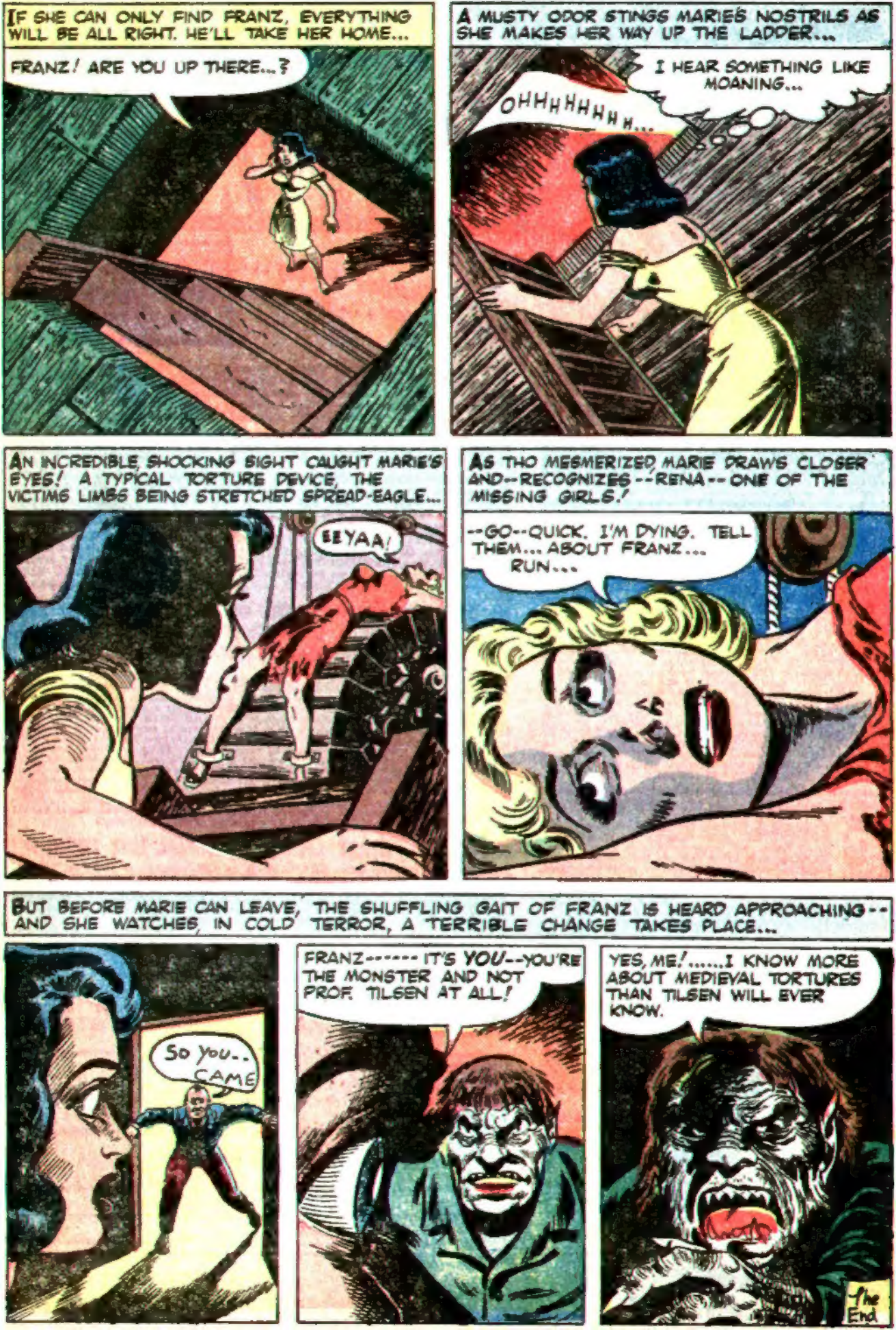
TURNING BACK INTO THE MAIN ROOM, MARIE IS STARTLED BY THE SIGHT OF AN OPEN TRAP-DOOR IN THE MIDDLE OF THE CEILING —

THAT WASN'T OPEN BEFORE...



HER NERVES ARE NOW RAW. SHE ATTEMPTS TO LEAVE FRANZ'S COTTAGE — TO RUN BACK TO HER OWN ROOM —

BUT — THE PROFESSOR — HE'S COMING BACK — HE WILL SEE ME THROUGH THE WINDOW.


IF SHE CAN ONLY FIND FRANZ, EVERYTHING WILL BE ALL RIGHT. HE'LL TAKE HER HOME...
FRANZ! ARE YOU UP THERE...?
A MUSTY ODOR STINGS MARIE'S NOSTRILS AS SHE MAKES HER WAY UP THE LADDER...
I HEAR SOMETHING LIKE MOANING...
OHHHHHHHH...
AN INCREDIBLE, SHOCKING SIGHT CAUGHT MARIE'S EYES! A TYPICAL TORTURE DEVICE, THE VICTIMS LIMBS BEING STRETCHED SPREAD-EAGLE...
EEYAA!
AS THO MESMERIZED, MARIE DRAWS CLOSER AND--RECOGNIZES--RENA--ONE OF THE MISSING GIRLS!
--GO--QUICK. I'M DYING. TELL THEM... ABOUT FRANZ... RUN...
BUT BEFORE MARIE CAN LEAVE, THE SHUFFLING GAIT OF FRANZ IS HEARD APPROACHING--AND SHE WATCHES, IN COLD TERROR, A TERRIBLE CHANGE TAKES PLACE...
So you.. CAME
FRANZ------ IT'S YOU--YOU'RE THE MONSTER AND NOT PROF. TILSEN AT ALL!
YES, ME!.....I KNOW MORE ABOUT MEDIEVAL TORTURES THAN TILSEN WILL EVER KNOW.
The End

MEDICAL TABLET DISCOVERY!

SAFE, NEW, EASY WAY!

STOPS "BED WETTING"

Without Electrical Devices . . . Rubber Sheets . . . Alarms . . .

Ends Shame, Discomfort, Inconvenience Almost Miraculously!

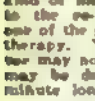
SIMPLE SAFE TABLET DOES IT

DRY-TABS is the same safe medical discovery that is prescribed by many doctors. Now, it is available for the first time without prescription to all the victims of BED-WETTING who long to rid themselves of this distressing habit once and for all. DRY-TABS is safe, not habit forming contains no harmful drugs—Follow simple directions

"DRY-TAB THERAPY" Eventually Allows BED-WETTING Victims to Function Normally Without Further Medication

DRY-TABS, in most cases, does not offer merely temporary stopping of BED-WETTING. In case after case, as revealed in clinical tests conducted in hospitals by medical scientists, the DRY-TABS formula proved itself to be a tablet that gives direct support to the patient in controlling his BED-WETTING. The benefits of the DRY-TABS formula may be expected to be effective beyond the period when it is taken regularly. It helps the BED-WETTING victim to retrain, tends to increase strength of sphincter and detrusor muscles controlling urination. Many cases have discontinued the use of DRY-TABS after a short time and found they were functioning normally. So BED-WETTING victims do not have to be slaves to any kind of medication if their case is of the type that responds to the re-training power of DRY-TABS. This is probably one of the greatest advancements ever made in BED WETTING therapy. Yes, once DRY-TABS stops BED-WETTING, its use may no longer be required, normal functioning and control may be developed almost miraculously. So don't hesitate a minute longer. Order DRY-TABS Today!

DRY-TABS Amazing Formula Effective in 75% of Cases



CASE NO. 1. Healthy, intelligent boy, 9 years old. BED-WETTING since infancy. Child could not break habit. All other medication failed. DRY-TABS formula taken for two three-week periods. Child has remained well for the past three years.

CASE NO. 2. Normal boy, history of BED-WETTING since infancy. Child had no organic defect. Various cures failed. Put on DRY-TABS formula regime. After a month, habit suddenly stopped.

CASE NO. 3. Male, aged 23 years BED-WETTING since birth. Many forms of treatment failed. Unable to accept invitation to sleep out over-night. Recently married, and embarrassed by habit. After formula taken, wet bed the first two nights but never since that time.

CASE NO. 4. Girl, aged 6 years. Wet bed since infancy. Nervous, irritable. DRY-TABS formula administered for regular period. BED-WETTING stopped almost immediately. Slight relapse. Formula administered again. Child responded immediately once more, and history reveals no further relapse.

CASE NO. 5. Man, 42 years old, wet "heavily." Medication started. Wet during second week and continued to wet when medication was withdrawn for following week. Restarted after rest period, and after five-day treatment seemed to retain control of bladder function.

CASE NO. 6. Woman, 76 years old. DRY-TABS formula administered for 6 days. Improvement, upon withdrawal of medication, improvement remained. Continued gradual return of control. One year without formula and control is adequate

WHY endure the needless shame, embarrassment, humiliation . . . the discomfort and distress of this unfortunate habit? Why put up with the daily nuisance of changing and washing bed linen and clothes? Why suffer the mortification of foul smelling bedrooms . . . the expense of ruined furniture . . . the danger of catching cold and infectious rashes?

Doctors agree that BED-WETTING can cause nervousness, stuttering and emotional disturbances in children, very often seriously affecting their future and character, making them "psychological cripples."

But now the disgrace and danger of BED-WETTING can very easily be a thing of the past with amazing new DRY-TABS. At last, medical science has discovered a safe, new, easy way to stop BED-WETTING without electrical devices . . . without rubber sheets, alarms or special diets and without interrupting needed sleep. DRY-TABS, in easy-to-take table form, does away with BED-WETTING as painlessly, easily and simply as swallowing an aspirin. Yes, almost miraculously, amazing, safe DRY-TABS, used as directed, help stop functional BED-WETTING . . . relieve tension and strain, often the underlying cause in most cases of this unfortunate habit. Now, for the first time, safe DRY-TABS can be obtained without prescription.

DEVELOPED AFTER YEARS OF EXTENSIVE HOSPITAL AND CLINICAL RESEARCH AS REVEALED IN MEDICAL LITERATURE

The discoveries of science, many times, are brought about by indirect means. Take the case of the exclusive DRY-TABS formula. Medical practitioners chanced upon this formula while they were investigating a remedy for another illness. Noting the remarkable effect that this formula had upon BED-WETTING they concentrated their efforts on this new data and developed the formula to its present state of perfection. The result is the new DRY TABS a remarkable tablet that has brought new hope to thousands of tormented victims of BED-WETTING. Before this formula was released to the public, it was tested in clinics and hospitals by medical scientists on controlled groups of patients. The DRY-TABS formula is the result of thorough medical research, the same kind of research and care that is given to any product that is to be placed in the hands of the public. Chalk up BED-WETTING as one more ailment that has been conquered by the men of science. Think of it, no expensive electrical devices, cumbersome rubber sheets, special diets or mechanical alarms. Just a wonderful new tablet . . . DRY-TABS . . . product of medical research . . . offering the hope of a new future for all those sufferers of BED-WETTING. Be sure to order DRY-TABS today!

ADULTS: START LIVING A NORMAL LIFE TONIGHT!

Scientific tests actually prove DRY-TABS to be 75% effective in stopping this unfortunate habit—even after years of torment! Ends the constant worry of overnight hotel stops and fear of public embarrassment while napping on trains and buses. Don't wait another day. If your loved ones suffer the humiliation, the disgrace, insecurity and helplessness only BED-WETTING can cause, order DRY-TABS NOW! Easy to take, can be dissolved in water if necessary. Just follow simple directions.

MAKE THIS HOME TEST: Here is your guarantee of satisfaction. Try DRY-TABS for the prescribed period. If you are not completely overjoyed with DRY-TABS amazing ability to help stop BED-WETTING, your purchase price will be refunded. Accept this no-risk offer. Order DRY-TABS now!

SEND NO MONEY: Just name and address for generous 3-week supply. On arrival pay postman only $3.00 per package plus C.O.D. charges on guarantee of complete satisfaction or money back.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

GARY PHARMACAL CO., Dept. 840-B,
7460 Exchange Ave., Chicago 49, Illinois

Please send me 3-week supply of DRY-TABS on guarantee BED-WETTING must be stopped or money back.

- ☐ Send C.O.D., I will pay postman $3.00 per package plus postage.
- ☐ Cash enclosed, we pay all postage.
- ☐ Send 2 packages (6-week supply) for $5.00.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

(Printed in the United States of America)

PRICE SMASH

20 DRESSES (used)

ASSORTED in Silk, Wool, Cotton & Rayon
ALL SIZES in Good Condition
BUT NO LESS THAN 20 DRESSES
AT THIS BARGAIN PRICE

for $3.50

Ladies' BLOUSES

39c each
5 for $1.69

Assorted colors and styles in Silks — Crepes — Rayons — Acetates

Ladies' Winter COATS

$1.89 each
2 for $3.59

All sizes with or without fur collars. These are in excellent condition, slight repairs needed

Ladies' SHOES

99c pair
3 for $2.69

Good quality Leathers and Fabrics. WILL GIVE MANY MONTHS OF GOOD WEAR.

QUILT PIECES

3 lbs. - $1.49

Large bundle of beautiful new cotton prints, checks, stripes and solids. All good size cuttings.

Ladies' SKIRTS

69c each
3 for $1.79

Full assortment of colors and styles. All Wools, Plaids and Mixtures.

Ladies' Spring COATS & TOPPERS

$1.29 each
2 for $2.39

Real Bargains in fine wool materials. Need slight repairs. For best selection order at once

Ladies' SLIPS

49c each
5 for $2.29

Beautiful, well tailored slips that really give you value for your money

ORDER AT ONCE

RUMMAGE SURPRISE
Underwear, Coaties, Pajamas, Bloomers, etc. 20 useful articles at only $2.19

FREE!
With $5.00 Order or More
1 Pair of Ladies' Hose
MONEY BACK IF NOT SATISFIED

$1.00 Deposit MUST come with order. You pay postman balance plus COD and postage charges.
NO ORDER ACCEPTED FOR LESS THAN $3.00
A TRIAL ORDER WILL CONVINCE YOU OF OUR WONDERFUL BARGAINS

MAIL ORDER MART Dept. M 160 Monroe St. New York 2, N. Y.

Please send following items, $1.00 deposit enclosed

ITEM	SIZE	PRICE

☐ Give Hose size - if Order is $5.00 or more.

Name _____

Address _____

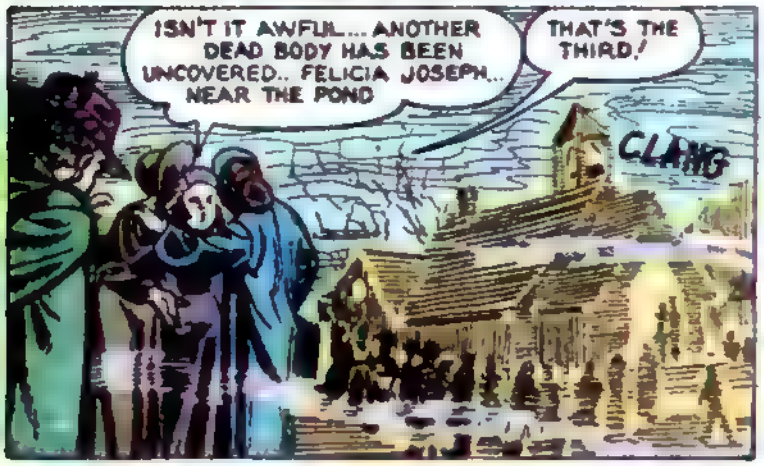
City _____ State _____

NO order accepted without $1.00 deposit in Canada & Foreign—Full payment with order

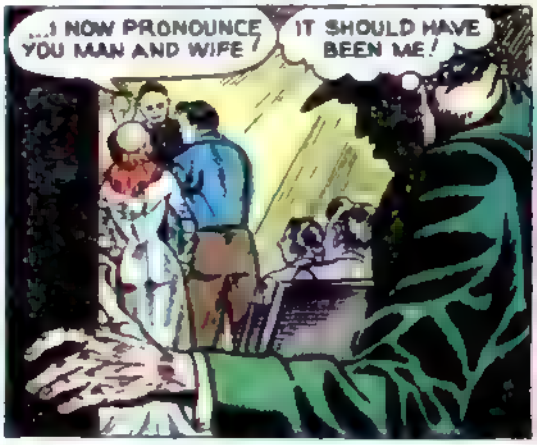
IS IT POSSIBLE, YOU ASK, THAT LONG BURIED CORPSES IN THEIR SILENT GRAVES AWAIT A BLESSED EVENT WITH THE SAME PRIDE AND JOY OF THE LIVING? WELL, NOT USUALLY, I ADMIT. BUT WHEN BITING HATE AND CORRODING REVENGE MOULDER LONG ENOUGH THEY CAN PRODUCE A STRANGE RESULT! THIS STORY HAPPENED LONG AGO .. IN A TINY LITTLE VILLAGE... AND WAS...

BORN IN THE GRAVE

THE USUALLY CHEERY BELLS SOUND DISCORDANT AS THOUGH THE DAMP MIST SPOILED THEIR TONE! THE VOICES OF THE GUESTS SOUND FRIGHTENED, EXCITED, HUSHED... HE STOPS AND LISTENS ..



MISSING MOST OF THE MARRIAGE CEREMONY HE HEARS ONLY THE FINAL WORDS... DOOMING WORDS THAT MEANT FINAL SEPARATION FROM THE GIRL HE WANTED...



THE GUESTS FILE UP TO KISS THE BRIDE, BUT THE MAN HANGS BACK, HALF LONGING TO TAKE HIS PLACE IN LINE! INSTEAD HE TURNS TO FLEE, WHEN THE VOICE OF THE GROOM BOOMS OUT...

IT REQUIRES SUPREME COURAGE FOR AARON TO PLACE HIS LIPS ON THE LOVELY LILY AND HIS FINGERS CLENCH SPASMODICALLY AS THOUGH TO CONTROL HIS OVERWROUGHT EMOTIONS...

AN EXCITED VOICE IS HEARD AT THE DOOR AS OLD BINDER BURSTS IN...

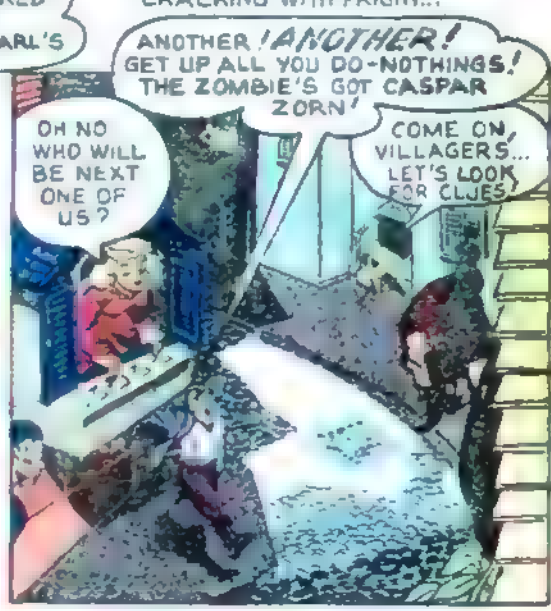
SUDDENLY THE WEDDING MOOD IN THE CHURCH CHANGES! THE CHILL OF FEAR CASTS A PALL OVER THE HORRIFIED FACES OF THE VILLAGERS! KARL HURRIES HIS BRIDE AWAY... AND SOMETHING FLUTTERS FROM HIS POCKET TO THE FLOOR...

A LOW SNICKER BREAKS FROM AARONS LIPS! KARL, WITH HIS FANCY HANDKERCHIEFS, WON'T HAVE HIS BRIDE FOR LONG.. LILY'S EYES LOOKED WARMLY ON HIM, AARON, WHEN HE KISSED HER! WITH KARL OUT OF THE WAY SHE WOULD BE MINE!

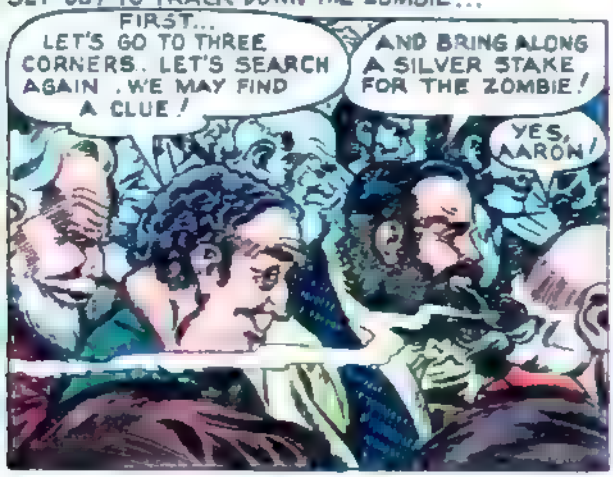
AARON FIGURES THAT IF AROUSED THE VILLAGERS WILL BE BACK AT THIS MURDER SPOT, LOOK NG FOR CLUES. AND HE GLEEFULLY PLACES ONE WHERE IT CAN BE QUICKLY SEEN

IN FACT, LUCK SEEMS TO BE WITH AARON TONIGHT! THE BLOOD-DRENCHED RAG HE PICKS UP IS MRS. VANCE'S SCARF! AND THAT GIVES AARON ANOTHER IDEA!

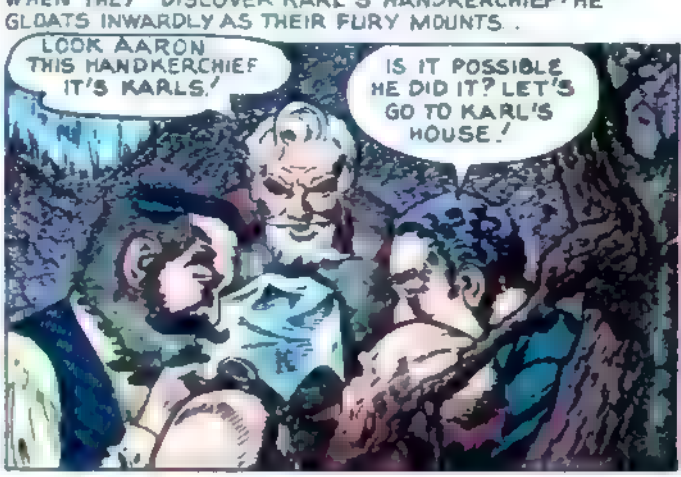
THAT VERY MORNING, IN THE WEE HOURS OF DAWN, THE SLEEPING VILLAGERS TOSSING IN FEARFUL SLUMBER ARE STARTLED AWAKE BY THE HYSTERICAL SHOUTS OF FARMER BRUN HIS OLD VOICE CRACKING WITH FRIGHT...



FINALLY AROUSED TO ACTION, THE IRATE VILLAGERS SET OUT TO TRACK DOWN THE ZOMBIE...



IT IS DIFFICULT FOR AARON TO KEEP HIS FACE SOLEMN WHEN THEY "DISCOVER" KARL'S HANDKERCHIEF! HE GLOATS INWARDLY AS THEIR FURY MOUNTS.

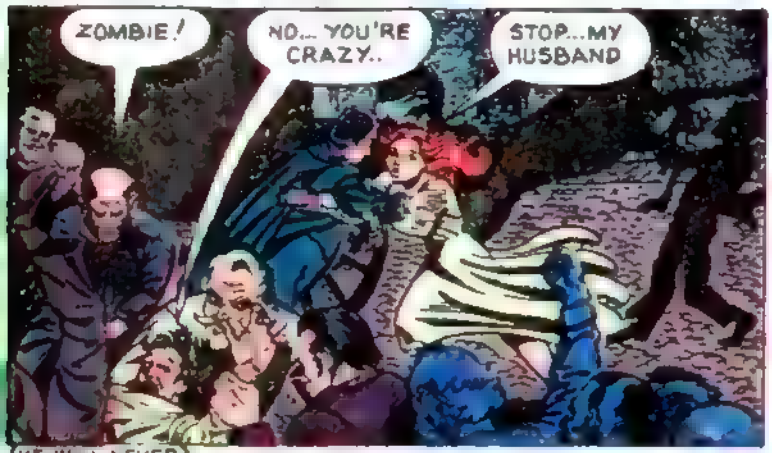


AND THERE AT THE DOOR-SILL, WHERE AARON HAD PLACED IT.

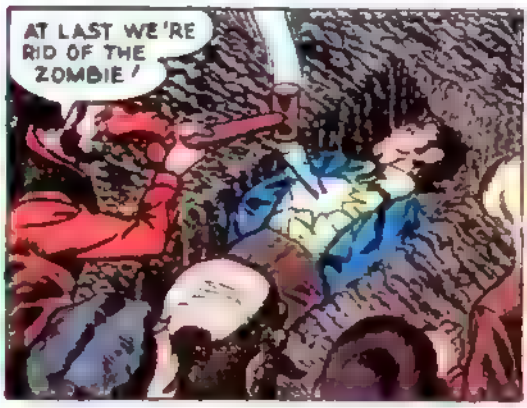
AND THEN AARON "FOUND" A RING ONE HE HAD JUST REMOVED FROM HIS HAND!

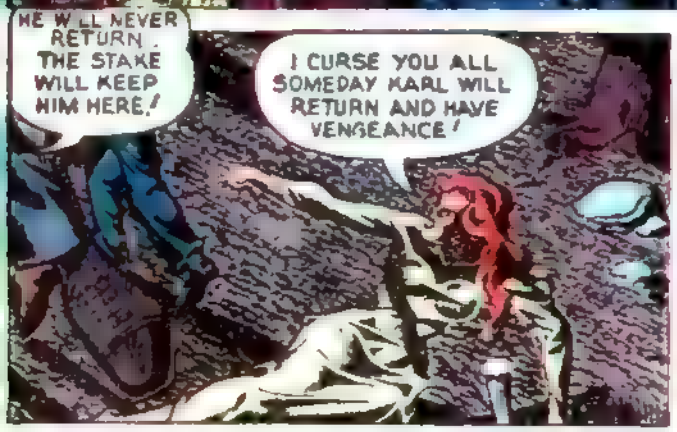
TWO WEEKS LATER THE HONEYMOONERS COME HOME. TO THE VILLAGERS AROUSED BY THE MURDERS IN THEIR VILLAGE! IN THE DIM LIGHT OF EARLY MORNING, A STRANGE SIGHT GREETS THEM AT THEIR HOUSE. A MASS OF ANGRY, HATE-FILLED FACES...

CLUTCHING FINGERS REACH OUT AND ROUGHLY PULL THE TERRIFIED KARL FROM HIS PERCH ON THE CARRIAGE WHILE AARON HOLDS BACK THE SCREAMING BRIDE FROM PLUNGING AFTER HER HUSBAND...



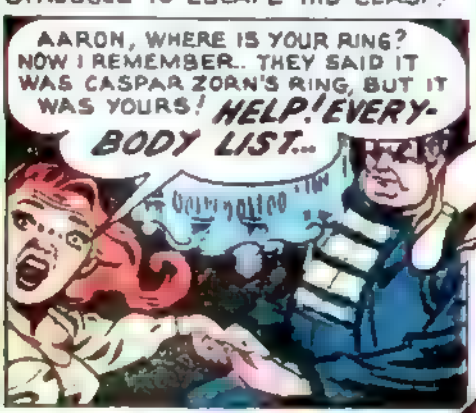
WEARILY THE MEN END THEIR BLOOD-CURDLING MISSION AND THROW THE CORPSE OF KARL INTO A SHALLOW GRAVE IN THE FOUL, PUTRID, DUMP HEAP AT THE EDGE OF THE VILLAGE CEMETERY. A STAKE IS DRIVEN THROUGH HIS HEART



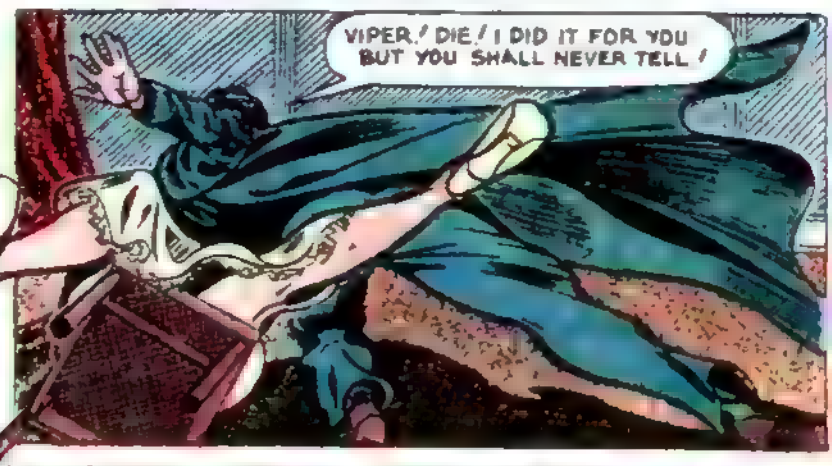


AARON LOST NO TIME IN CALLING ON HIS BELOVED LILY.

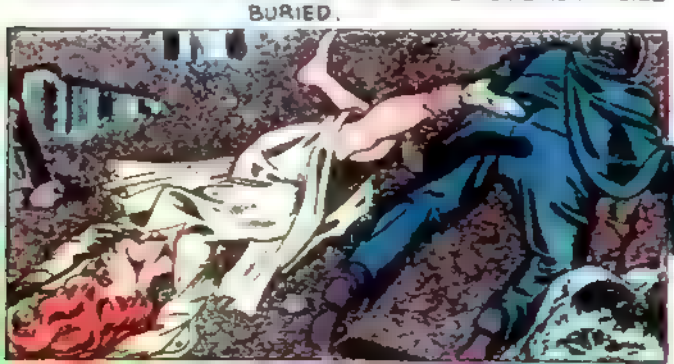
IN AN EXCESS OF EMOTION, AARON KNEELS BEFORE HIS IDOL, PANTING WITH LONGING, HIS CLAMMY HANDS GRIPPING HERS! SUDDENLY HER FINGERS CEASE THEIR STRUGGLE TO ESCAPE HIS CLASP!



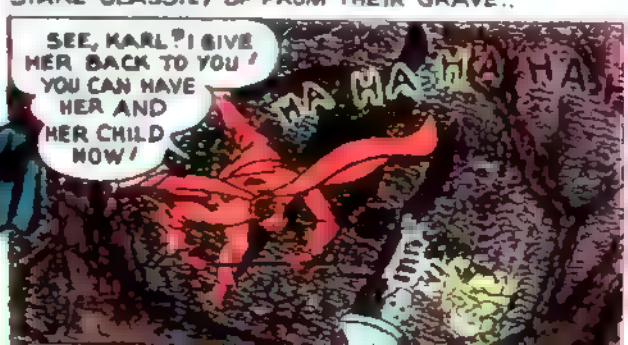
AND SO THE ARDOR OF FIERY LOVE CHANGES IN A MOMENT TO BITTER FURY AND HATE AS THE ENRAGED SUITOR PLUNGES THE LONG KEEN BLADE DEEP INTO THE SOFT BOSOM



OVER THE DIRT ROAD, THROUGH THE DEBRIS AND SLOPS OF THE DUMP-HEAP, AARON DRAGS THE BODY OF LILY TO THE SHALLOW GRAVE WHERE HER BRIDEGROOM LIES BURIED.



A PECULIAR, PERVERTED, SENSE OF HUMOR SETS AARON TO LAUGHING AND THE SOUND ECHOES IN THE AWFUL STILLNESS AS TWO PAIR OF EYES STARE GLASSILY UP FROM THEIR GRAVE..



A FEW DAYS LATER, AARON LEAVES HIS VILLAGE, NEVER TO RETURN / THE MISSING LILY IS THE TOWN MYSTERY BUT NO ONE DREAMS OF CONNECTING THE DEVOTED AARON WITH IT...

GOOD RIDDANCE TO THIS OLD VILLAGE! I SHALL PUT A THOUSAND MILES BETWEEN US!

MANY MONTHS HAVE PASSED! THEN ONE NIGHT IN THE DUMP-HEAP A STRANGE ACTIVITY TAKES PLACE AT THE LONELY GRAVE / DIRT IS FLYING, THE MOUND IS MOVING / A FOUL STENCH PUTREFIES THE AIR! LOW GROANS BREAK THE STILLNESS...

OOO

A CLOSER VIEW REVEALS TWO STRANGE FORMS. VOICES CAN BE HEARD... A DEEP-THROATED CHUCKLE, THEN THE THIN CRY OF AN INFANT! THEN A WOMAN'S VOICE... A DEAD VOICE SEEMS TO ECHO...

OH, KARL... OUR BABY IS BORN... ALIVE... ALIVE! IT'S A BOY!

EEEEHHE EEEEEEEE

TO LILY AND KARL THEIR CHILD IS BORN! THE LIFE OF THE NEWBORN CHILD HAS GIVEN HALF LIFE TO THE DEAD ONES! NOW THEY SIT UP IN THE DANK AND NARROW GRAVE, EYEING PROUDLY THE CHILD IN HER ARMS!

I SHALL REAR HIM AS WE PLANNED, KARL! HE WILL KNOW WHAT TO DO! LET US CALL HIM-KAROLY- FOR THE BOTH OF US!

THE YEARS PASS ON AND KAROLY'S DAYS ARE SPENT IN THE GRAVE, BUT HIS NIGHTS IN GAMES WITH VULTURES AND OTHER BIRDS OF PREY, FROM WHOM HE HAS LEARNED MUCH...

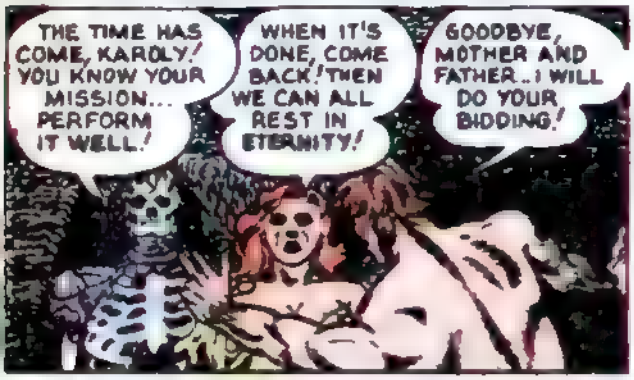
I CAN BEAT YOU WITH ONE HAND!

I HAVEN'T EATEN FOR A LONG WHILE

YES, DEAR READER.. THE NOW-GROWN CHILD HAD LEARNED ONLY THE WAYS OF THE HALF-DEAD... OF THE SLIMY THINGS THAT CRAWL AND THE CARRIONS THAT FLY... HE WAS A ZOMBIE!

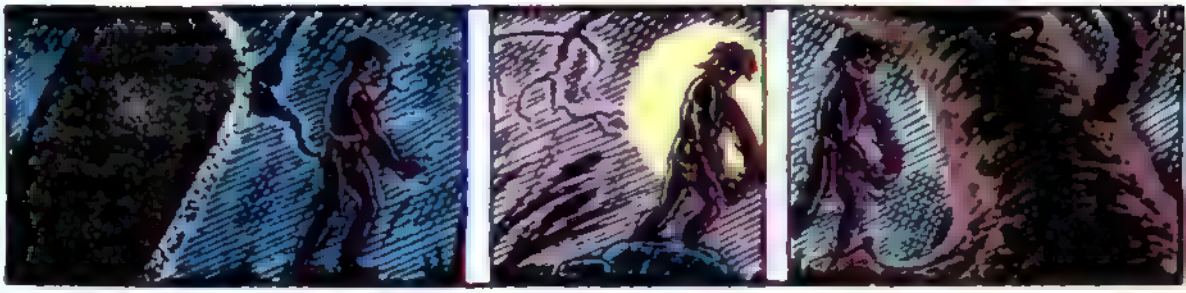
PAH! WHAT AWFUL STUFF! THERE MUST BE BETTER FODDER SOMEWHERE!

IN THE STRANGE WORLD OF DEATH AND DECAY, KAROLY IS A STRAPPING YOUTH OF EIGHTEEN! THE CORPSES OF LILY AND KARL ARE WORN AND TIRED AND THEY SEND THEIR SON OUT INTO THE WORLD OF THE LIVING STRANGELY THE HALF DEAD KNEW THE TIME HAD COME...



AT THE SAME TIME, A MIDDLE-AGED MAN ALIGHTED FROM A TRAIN! HE LOOKS FAMILIAR...CAN IT BE AARON WHO LEFT THE VILLAGE NEVER TO RETURN? YES, IT IS HE!

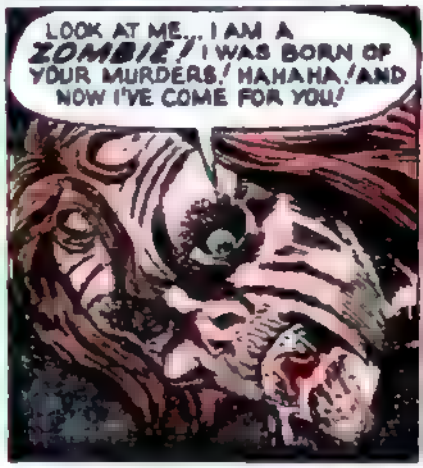
THE THING THAT WAS KAROLY PLODDED SLOWLY ALONG THE ROAD THAT LEAD FROM HIS CEMETERY HOME...



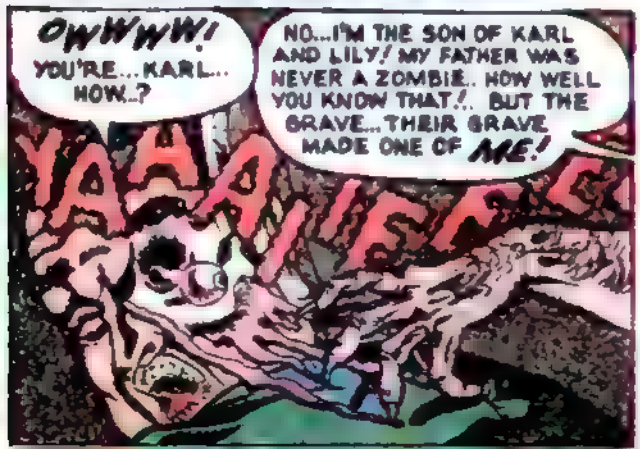
THE RELUCTANT FEET OF AARON STOP AT THE THRESHOLD OF HIS HOUSE AS THE MUSTY ODOR HITS HIS NOSTRILS AND A BAT'S WINGS FLAP AT HIS HAT...

A STRANGE SOUND, LIKE A CHUCKLE, COMES FROM THE SHADOWS AND A FORM TAKES SHAPE BEFORE AARON'S STARTLED EYES...

THE SCREAM IN AARON'S THROAT NEVER EMERGES! TERROR LOCKS HIS JAWS, BUT HE CANNOT FLINCH EVEN AT THE OVERPOWERING SMELL OF THE GRAVE FROM WHICH KAROLY HAS COME...



AS HE FEELS HIS FLESH TORN FROM HIS FACE, AARON'S GROAN BURSTS FROM HIS THROAT! AND HE CAN STILL HEAR THE WORDS OF THE ZOMBIE...



WELL-FED, THE ZOMBIE BRINGS THE CORPSE THAT WAS AARON BACK TO HIS PARENTS... TO SHOW HOW HIS WORK IS DONE! NOW AT LAST THEY CAN ALL LIE QUIETLY IN THE GRAVE... FOR ALL ETERNITY!

"HAUNTED HOUSES"

ALL OVER America ghosts will walk tonight. In moldy attics, in gusty garrets, in bat-hung basements . . . ghosts will walk. Perhaps they'll walk in your house . . . or float over your neighbor's house. Pale ghosts will tap at the walls, tapping out ghostly messages and threats . . . and ancient hates and revenges. The spirits of the tortured dead will return to horrify the eyes and ears of the frightened living. They always come back, the restless dead.

Are you afraid of ghosts? Admit it, you are. All right, and I'll admit that I'm afraid of ghosts, too. Why shouldn't I be? I've seen one. I've heard one. I've listened to a ghost's ghostly tapping as it went past me in a dark room. While I cowered and trembled in my bed. I had the sheets and covers clutched over my ears . . . and my throbbing heart was bursting with the fear of this horrible unknown thing that was returning from a dread world.

It all happened over twenty-two years ago, in an apartment house in Brooklyn where I had rented a room. The old Italian lady who rented me my "furnish room, nice, clean, only $3 week yes? no?" didn't tell me of the room's ghostly history. She didn't tell me that a boarder had vanished from there only three years before. No, I had to find that out for myself, after a night of horror in the haunted murder chamber.

I went to bed that night, dead tired. The moon was hidden in black clouds, a changing wind made dozens of clicks and noises at the one window. But I slept. I slept until . . . until *IT* came. I'll never forget IT, never.

About 3 a.m. I sat bolt upright in bed. Somehow, it was cold in that room, cold. Though it was August and still-hot, day and night. But a deep chill was on the room, on me. And then I heard the SOUNDS.

I thought, "It's a rat . . . dragging a bone. A BIG rat."

But the stealthy raps and the bony taps came nearer, nearer. The room got still-cold, with the cold fear and dread and horror. Then IT came through the wall. Right through the wall, and the sounds came with it.

My eyes bulged in my sockets. My breath and my heart stopped. It was a long, thin, pale figure. Its face was red-streaked, in blood. In its chest still hung a dagger's handle, and the ghost-blood oozed and fell in splashing drops to the floor . . . and disappeared. And the Thing's eyes were full of hate and struggle the death-struggle look. What were once its hands, now moldy with decay, ended in pale blobs of shapeless, smeared blood, clutching the dagger in its chest and tugging at it. And it groaned, groaned horribly. And it was bound in links of sashweight chain, and the chain made bony, tapping noises as it dragged across the floor. I tried to yell, to empty my lungs, but no voice was in me.

Somehow I got beneath the covers, shut my eyes. I felt the Thing go past me, chilling me as in death. It went around my bed, I heard it fall in the corner, a dead body's thump, and then the groans went on. And I could almost hear the pulse and throb of spilling blood. I think I fainted then, passed out cold.

In the morning my face must have told my landlady the story. She nodded her skinny crone's neck and said, "He come, hah? Always he come. He never rest. That room, this house, is curse . . . bad curse . . . ghost curse!"

Was it only my mind, my imagination? I think not. That house was haunted, I guess it still is. But I've never been back.

And in a small town near Pittsburgh I've heard of a lost soul that leaves its house and walks soundlessly to a church next door. (No, I've never seen this one, but I collect "ghost" stories, tales of haunted houses . . . These things terrify me, but I can't shut my ears to them.) Night after night, through this town's street, this man's ghost-figure wanders from the death bed it once died in, years ago. And the apparition tugs and pulls at the heavy church doors. It always goes to the church. But it can't open the church doors, can't get in to give its soul peace and rest. Many people have seen it, against that church door. For hours it tries to get in, and can't, and then it turns silently and fades back into the deserted house from which it came. And witnesses say it spills heaps of paper money and gold coins . . . and the coins and bills disappear as they fall . . . and then the "ghost" (is it a "ghost"?) dissolves back into the now-untenanted house it once lived in. People say it's an old miser, a once-cruel money-lender who drove many of his poverty-starved victims to suicide. Perhaps that money-lender's soul seeks comfort in that holy church. Perhaps it wants to give back

its ill-gotten hoarded wealth to the innocent dead it once robbed. Who knows? But a "ghost" walks, and is barred from salvation, and spills its phantom wealth on the streets, night after night. In a town near Pittsburgh.

And in New Orleans, on a fashionable street, in the center of the richest part of that city, a veiled phantom of a woman goes sobbing softly through the garden about the old house. This female phantom wears the wide-long skirts of 100 years ago, and a veil of gauze-film hides her face. But the racking sobs shake her frail figure, her almost transparent body, and she moans and moans. Everybody on that street has seen her, and they all know her as the Sobbing Lady. What secret sorrow does her ghost still weep over? Some lover, long dead or long-ago murdered? Who knows? But night after night, in bright moon or dark of moon, the Sobbing Lady sobs and sobs and floats and wanders through the house she once lived in. Yes, ghosts walk . . . in New Orleans.

And in San Francisco, near the waterfront, is a crumbling shack, never lived in now, that even the bravest "pooh-pooher" who scoffs at ghosts can't explain. In that shack, even during the bright daytime, voices and whispers are heard and the boards shake under the tread of unseen bodies. And no one has ever spent a whole night there. For at night (not every night, but mostly on nights when there's a storm at sea) then the voices are louder and chairs scrape and thump and the sound of closing doors is heard. Even though there are no chairs there now, and the doors hang unmoving on rusted and sagging hinges. The voices are in Portuguese and Spanish, and people there say it's a whole family of four brothers and their old father. All of them were drowned at sea, in their fishing boat, in a storm, years ago. But the black-green ocean waves give back the restless spirits with every storm, and the moldering shack quivers with their steps and their voices. Do the dead really return? Is it only the wind in this shack, playing tricks on any living listener's ears? Perhaps . . . perhaps . . . but does the wind speak Spanish or Portuguese? And can the wind move chairs that aren't there, slam doors that can't move? Prudent people shun that shack, by day and night. I only walked through it once, and my spine still tingles at the memory of what I heard . . . and didn't see.

In Kansas is a graveyard. Near the graveyard is left only the foundation of what was once a house. But the graveyard attendant there says that on some nights lights shine . . . old-fashioned oil lamps . . . where once the house stood. And from a grave nearby he's seen a white-blue mist rise, and the mist swirls and shapes itself into four figures. A man, a woman, two smaller shapes. Are these two ghost-children? And the four phantoms go floating to the house foundations, to the soft lights that shouldn't be there, and they walk past and through the lights . . . and then, before dawn, the four fade back into the grass of their family grave. Does that family . . . if it *is* a family . . . go back to the house it once lived in? Can "ghosts" love a house enough to revisit it, even after death and a grave? Who knows? Who *really* knows?

In New Mexico, in a roofless adobe house high in the hills, adventurous boys last year found three blackened skulls and many fragile, charred bones. Once three fur-trappers lived there, and the story goes that raiding Indians surprised them and scalped them and burned the bleeding bodies. A native sheep-herder tells me that on certain nights he sees the flames again, and hears shrieks of pain and evil . . . and then the dark and quiet fold back into the ruins. This sheep-herder told me you can still feel fresh blood on the ground around the house, after these "fire-nights". He says the Indians must have dragged their bleeding victims about the house before pitching the corpses back into the blazing inferno . . . long ago. That sheepman may be just telling "ghost-stories", but he says his sheep won't graze the thick grass near the house. Do even sheep "see" and "feel" ghosts? Who can tell . . . for certain? Nothing is certain in life . . . and death is stranger and more terrible than what we call "truth".

In the lake country in Florida they tell of a deserted orange plantation . . . with a mansion that is falling apart in decay. And they say that on one night every year . . . New Year's eve . . . the house looks firm and real and solid and perfect. And that the sound of violins is heard, and an old piano again tinkles music through the night. And watchers have seen a pair of pale figures . . . a man and a woman . . . dancing. Seen them dancing, seen them through the windows. And then the whole scene fades and ruin and decay and the cold feel of death and desolation come back, just as the new year begins. On the stroke of midnight.

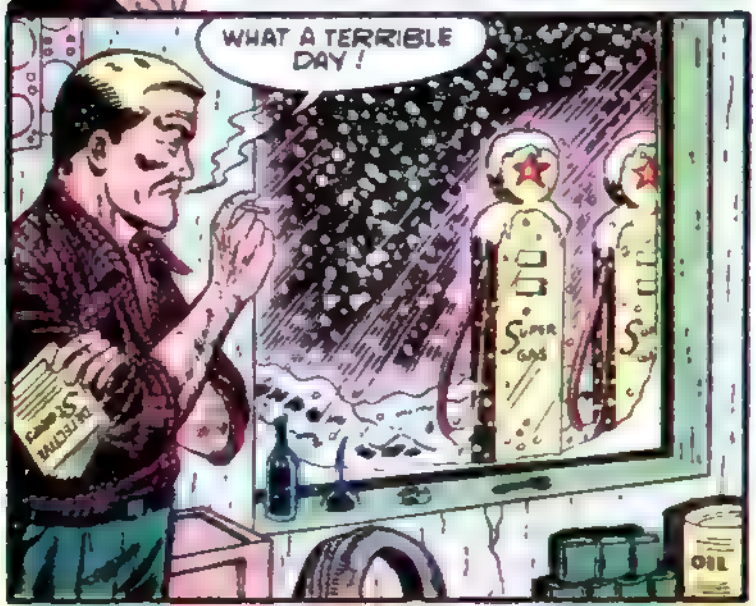
Are all these . . . just stories? Perhaps . . . perhaps. But maybe "ghosts" walk and dance and yell and moan . . . over and over again . . . where once they lived and loved and died.

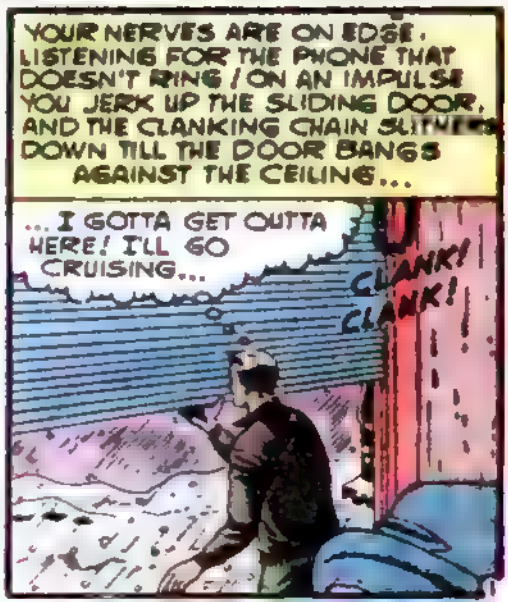
Yes, I believe (You don't have to), I believe that "ghosts" walk . . . all over America.

The End

SNOW MADNESS

YOU STARE FROM THE WINDOW INTO THE THICKENING AIR, THE FALLING SNOW SOFTENS THE HARD LINES OF YOUR SERVICE STATION! YOU LISTEN TO THE SNOW TAPPING WITH SHARP FINGERNAILS ON THE WINDOWPANE! THE AIR IN YOUR SERVICE STATION IS COLD, YET YOU FEEL STIFLED! NOT A CALL FOR THE TOW-TRUCK HAS COME IN ALL EVENING--THOUGH DOZENS OF CARS SHOULD BE STALLED IN THIS FILTHY WEATHER! YOU THINK OF THE DETECTIVE MAGAZINE YOU'VE BEEN READING! YOU THINK OF THE BEAUTIFUL GIRL WHO WAS PART OF THE STORY AND WHILE YOU WERE READING IT SHE WAS PART OF YOUR LIFE! HER VIOLENT DEATH SADDENED YOU AND MADE YOU LONESOME...





THE GEARS GRIND HARSHLY, THE COLD MOTOR SPITS ANGRILY, PROTESTING AGAINST GOING INTO ACTION. BUT *YOU* WELCOME THE SOUNDS THAT BREAK THE DEATHLIKE STILLNESS...

...GOTTA GET GOING...FAST!

RRRRRRR!

OUTSIDE THE AWFUL HUSH STILL FASTENS ON YOU! YOU CLUTCH THE WHEEL, BENDING FORWARD SO YOUR EYES CAN PENETRATE THE SNOW-CLOGGED WIND-SHIELD...

CAN'T SEE THE ROAD-- NO LESS ANY STALLED CARS...

NOT A CREATURE STIRS OUTDOORS! EVERY DOOR, EVERY WINDOW IS FASTENED AGAINST NATURE'S CHILL AVALANCHE AND THE LIGHTS GLIMMERING THROUGH CURTAINS MAKE YOU FEEL MORE DREARY AND WRETCHED THAN BEFORE, THE EMPTY FEELING OF UNUTTERABLE LONELINESS...

MAYBE CARS ARE STUCK ON THE *HILLY* STREETS, MAYBE ROCK HILL ROAD...

AS THE STEEP HILL'S ICY SURFACE GLARES AT YOU, YOU SEE A LONE CAR TRYING TO MAKE THE HILL! YOU HAIL THE DRIVER, ASK IF YOU CAN HELP...SOON YOU RETURN TO YOUR TOW TRUCK AND FEEL BETTER FOR THAT LONE HUMAN AND THE "HELP" YOU GAVE HIM...

I'LL FIX YOU UP IN A JIFFY...

ROCK HILL ROAD SLOW

THEN, ONCE AGAIN YOU HEAR THE SWISH OF YOUR TIRE CHAINS LAPPING THE SNOW AND THE SOFT BEAT OF THE SNOW FLAKES HITTING THE ROOF! NOW, YOU FEEL SLEEPY AND YOU'D LIKE TO TURN OFF THE WEIRD, MUTED SYMPHONY...

I FEEL BETTER NOW! I'LL LISTEN TO THE RADIO! IT'LL KEEP ME AWAKE!

CLICK!

RESTING A MOMENT AT THE SIDE OF THE ROAD, YOU TRY TO LOSE YOURSELF IN THE MUSIC, BUT THE LOUD BEAT OF THE RHYTHMIC JAZZ SOUNDS STRANGE IN A WORLD WHERE THERE ARE NO OTHER HUMANS, JUST SNOW, ICE AND THE DARKNESS OF NIGHT...

...WE INTERRUPT THIS PROGRAM WITH A SPECIAL NEWS BULLETIN...

YOU ARE ABOUT TO SHUT IT OFF WHEN YOU HEAR THE QUIET, FOREBODING VOICE OF THE NEWSCASTER...

...AN UNUSUAL MURDER OCCURRED WITHIN THE HOUR! THE BODY OF A MAN, DRAINED OF BLOOD, TWO STRANGE HOLES IN HIS NECK, WAS FOUND IN A SNOW-BANK! INCIDENTALLY, A VISITING PSYCHOLOGIST, DR. RAY TRENT, ARRIVED FIRST AT THE SCENE AND HAS ASKED PERMISSION TO WORK ON THE CASE...

WITH THE ELEMENTS RAGING, SNOW AND WILD WINDS HOWLING LIKE WERE-WOLVES, EVEN A MURDERER WOULD BE EXPECTED TO STAY INDOORS! BRRR, YOU SHUDDER AT THE THOUGHT OF THAT ICY DEATH...AND YOU DECIDE TO HAVE SOME COFFEE...
A HOT CUP OF COFFEE, JOE, I'M THIRSTY!
ALREADY THE TV CAMERAS HAVE REACHED THE SCENE OF THE MURDER AND INTO THE DINGY DINER COMES A PICTURE OF THE GRUESOME SCENE..AS YOU SIP THE TASTELESS COFFEE..
...OUR CAMERA PICKS UP THE MURDER SCENE JUST AS THE POLICE REMOVE THE VICTIM FROM HIS SNOWY BED ON ROCK HILL ROAD...
ROCK HILL... I WAS JUST THERE!
YOU CAN'T REMEMBER A MURDER, THOUGH YOU WERE ON THAT VERY STREET...
BAH, THE COFFEE'S FLAT! WONDER HOW THAT TRENT DAME GOT THERE FIRST ANY-WAY
YOU SUDDENLY OBEY AN IMPULSE TO RETURN TO ROCK HILL ROAD! THAT MURDER WAS COMMITTED A FEW SECONDS AFTER YOU HAD BEEN THERE! SOME FASCINATION MAKES YOU TURN AROUND AND HEAD BACK...
IS IT A PANG OF FEAR THAT SHOOTS THROUGH YOU AS YOU SEE A BLACK CAR STALLED IN A THICK SNOW BANK?
WELL, THAT'S MY BUSINESS...SO I BETTER GO SEE...
PHAR
AS YOU APPROACH THE CAR YOU ARE SURPRISED TO SEE A LITTLE OLD WOMAN! HER BEADY EYES AND BEAKED NOSE MAKE YOU THINK OF A BIRD. A BIRD OF PREY
NEED HELP, LADY? I GOTTA TOW TRUCK HERE...
HER HIGH THIN VOICE RAPPING OUT ORDERS MAKES YOU WANT TO LAUGH...BUT SOMEHOW YOU WOULDN'T DARE! THIS LITTLE OLD LADY MAKES YOU FEEL UNCOMFORTABLE, UNEASY...
I WANT NONE OF YOUR TOW TRUCK.. JUST TAKE ME TO A PHONE SO I CAN CALL MY CHAUFFEUR TO COME GET ME... I'LL PAY YOU WELL!

AS THE TIGHT-LIPPED OLD LADY SITS CLOSE TO YOU IN THE TRUCK, YOU FEEL A COLD TREMOR PASS THROUGH YOUR BODY! YOU CAST A STEALTHY GLANCE AT HER ROSY CHEEKS, SO ODD WITH HER THIN, BEAKED NOSE! A MUSKY ODOR EMANATES FROM HER FUR COAT...
MA'AM, DID YOU HEAR ABOUT THE... THE MURDER ON ROCK HILL ROAD?
YOU FEEL THOSE GIMLET EYES TURN ON YOU! YOU CAN'T HELP WONDERING AT HER SILENCE! THEN SHE SPEAKS RASPINGLY...
I WAS RIGHT THERE! I SAW THE POLICE REMOVE THE BODY! IT WAS THE DEED OF A VAMPIRE! THE TWO HOLES IN THE NECK AND THE DRAINING OF THE BLOOD.. BOTH CLASSIC SYMPTOMS!
AS YOU CAST A QUICK, SIDELONG GLANCE AT HER, YOU THINK MAYBE SHE'S RIGHT...OR...OR...,
THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS VAMPIRES, MA'AM... THAT'S OLD WORLD STUFF...
YOU KEEP A LOOKOUT FOR A PLACE TO PHONE, ANXIOUS TO UNLOAD THIS CHATTERING MAGPIE TELLING YOU A LONG TALE OF HER EXPERIENCES...
... IN THE LITTLE AUSTRIAN COLLEGE I ATTENDED, I STUDIED MANY CASES OF VAMPIRISM AND WE CAUGHT SOME OF THE MONSTERS! I SAW THEM WITH MY OWN EYES...
AT LAST YOU SEE AN OUTDOOR PHONE BOOTH, THOUGH THE GAS STATION IS CLOSED! IT'S BEEN A STRAIN SITTING NEXT TO THE OLD WOMAN AND YOU LONG FOR A BREATH OF AIR...
THERE'S A PHONE BOOTH, LADY! YOU CAN MAKE YOUR CALL!
PHONE BOOTH
ONCE SHE GETS INTO THE PHONE BOOTH YOU CAN MAKE A GETAWAY. HER CHAUFFEUR CAN FIND HER EASY ENOUGH...
CAN'T DRIVE CLOSER, LADY! YOU'LL HAVE TO WALK...
YOU'RE JUST TOO LAZY... BUT NEVER MIND!
.. BUT SHE'S LIKE AN OLD WITCH! SHE SEEMS TO READ YOUR MIND...
WHERE ARE YOU GOING, YOUNG MAN? I NEED SOME CHANGE! COME HERE AT ONCE!!
JUST A SECOND... I'M COMING!

STARTING BACK TO THE TOW TRUCK YOU HEAR HER SHRILL VOICE YELLING INTO THE PHONE! SUDDENLY IT HITS YOU THAT SHE'S GIVING SOMEONE HER INITIALS... FAMILIAR ONES...

...CAN'T YOU HEAR ME? THIS IS R.T.! YOU HEAR ME NOW? COME AND GET ME AT ROCK HILL ROAD! IMMEDIATELY...

R.T.? WHY, THAT'S THE INITIALS FOR RAY TRENT, THE WOMAN WHO FOUND THE MURDER VICTIM FIRST!

WITHOUT THINKING YOU START TO RUN... STUMBLING IN THE SNOW, PANICKY! YOU MUST GET TO YOUR TOW TRUCK...

PANT... PANT...

YOUR RELIEF AT REACHING THE TRUCK IS RUDELY SHATTERED BY THE SIGHT OF R.T. CALMLY SEATED THERE.. HER EYES BORING INTO YOU! AGAIN THE COLD TREMOR SHAKES YOUR WHOLE BODY...

CAN'T YOU WALK, BOY? I SAW YOU STUMBLING THROUGH THE SNOW! TAKE ME BACK TO ROCK HILL ROAD! WALTER'S COMING FOR ME THERE...

THE NIGHT HAS TURNED BITTER COLD AND DARK, ONLY YOUR HEADLIGHTS LIGHT UP A PATH ON THE FREEZING SNOW! A GROWLING SOUND FROM YOUR PASSENGER BREAKS THE QUIET AND INCREASES YOUR NERVOUSNESS...

RRR... GR-UMPH... RRRR...

HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN SITTING THERE, WATCHING THE GROWLING OLD LADY? WHAT IS IN YOUR MIND? YOU STARE AT HER GIMLET EYES, HER FLUSHED CHEEKS!

WH...WHERE AM I? ARE WE AT ROCK HILL? WHAT ARE YOU STARING AT, BOY?

A WARM TRICKLE WETS YOUR PALM AND YOU REALIZE YOU'VE BEEN CLENCHING YOUR FISTS TILL YOUR NAILS DREW BLOOD FROM YOUR PALMS! WHAT STRANGE BEHAVIOR IS THIS? ARE YOU AFRAID OF AN OLD WOMAN...?

I GOT LOST... SO I STOPPED THE TRUCK...

WELL, START IT UP AGAIN! AT ONCE!

SLOWLY, IT DAWNS ON YOU THAT YOU MUST TAKE MATTERS INTO YOUR OWN HANDS.. WITHOUT DELAY

WHY DO YOU STARE AT ME, BOY? FIND THAT STREET, QUICKLY!

SHE'S HAS ROSY CHEEKS... SHE'S FULL BLOODED FOR AN OLD LADY!

OK, LADY!

YOU DRIVE ON AND THEN COME TO A STOP! YOU TAKE A FIRM GRIP ON HER ARM AS YOU HELP R.T. OUT OF YOU TOW TRUCK...
WHERE ARE YOU TAKING ME, BOY? THIS ISN'T ROCK HILL! WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING?
JUST COME WITH ME, R.T.! QUIETLY!
I'LL SHOW YOU SOMETHING INTERESTING ABOUT THAT MURDER!
FEAR SUDDENLY LEAVES YOU AS YOU FEEL YOU'VE MASTERED THE SITUATION! EVEN R.T. COMES UNRESISTINGLY...
NO... NO ONE LIVES IN THIS HOUSE! IT'S THE OLD TENNANT PLACE--IT'S HAUNTED! WHY ARE WE COMING HERE?
INSIDE THE HOUSE, YOU KNOW EXACTLY WHAT YOU ARE GOING TO DO! YOU KNOW EXACTLY WHERE YOU ARE GOING...
SO, R.T.--YOU KNOW ALL ABOUT VAMPIRES, DO YOU? YOU KNOW HOW TO DESTROY THEM, TOO, DON'T YOU?
B..BUT...
YOU ARE AMAZED AT THE STRENGTH OF THOSE CLUTCHING HANDS, REACHING FOR YOUR THROAT...
OH, NO YOU DON'T!
HELP! LET GO OF ME!
AT LAST YOU UNDERSTAND... THE WHOLE NIGHT'S RESTLESSNESS... THE EMPTINESS...THE OLD CRAVING...
SUCH RICH, RED BLOOD IN THOSE OLD CHEEKS...
I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN... YOU, YOU ARE THE VAMPIRE!
YOUR THIRST AT LAST CAN TRULY BE SATISFIED...
YOU HAD YOUR FIRST VICTIM... WHY ME? HELP!! ARRRGHH...
YEA, BUT I WAS INTERRUPTED BY THE POLICE! MY CRAVING WAS LEFT UNFULFILLED...BUT NOW... AAHHH!
NOW, YOU ARE READY TO RETURN TO YOUR SERVICE STATION! BUSINESS MAY BE PICKING UP... AH, YES... HEH..HEH...
MY MEMORY ALWAYS GROWS HAZY... ONCE I HAVE MY DRINK! I SEEM TO FORGET I AM A VAMPIRE... UNTIL I NEED REFRESHMENT! OH, WELL, R.T. YOU WILL NEVER TURN ME IN!
THE END

Safe, New Easy Way STOPS "NAIL BITING" HABIT *INSTANTLY!*

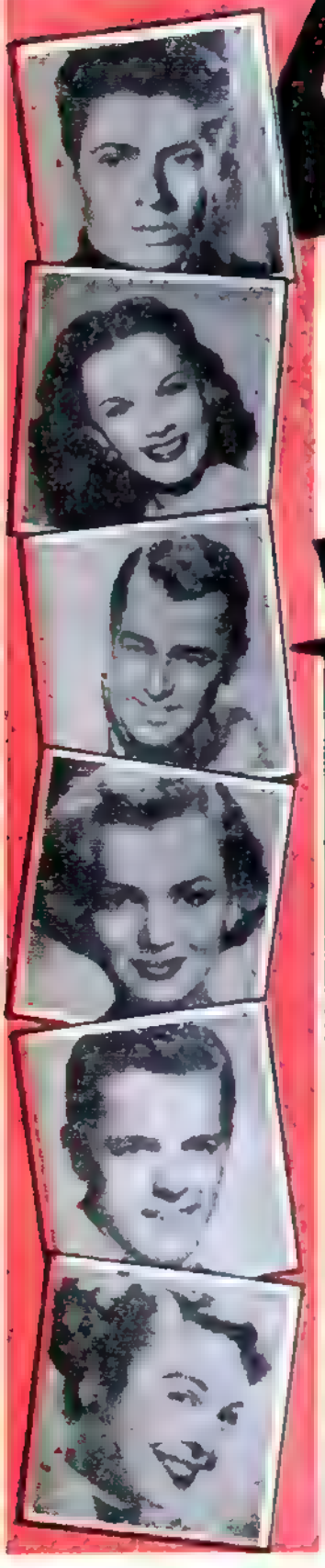
Ends Shame, Pain and Embarrassment of Torn, Ragged, Chewed Fingernails

Doctors agree "nail biting" is a vicious, ugly, unsanitary habit that often leads to serious infections, ugly ingrown nails, pain and embarrassment. Now amazing new medical formula safely stops fingernail biting habit almost instantly. In just days fingernails grow longer, lovelier, healthier with exclusive Elmorene Formula 246. Safe, easy as washing your hands, just rub across fingertips. No sticky lacquers, gloves or trick devices. Formula 246 is invisible on fingers . . . nobody knows your secret. **ORDER TODAY!**

SEND NO MONEY—7 Day Trial Offer

Send name and address. On arrival pay postman only $2.98 plus C.O.D. charges. Formula 246 must break "nail biting" habit. At end of only 7 days fingernails must be longer, healthier or full refund. Sent in plain package. (Send cash, we pay all postage charges . . . same guarantee).
FREE of extra cost! Pocket size fingernail brush included on orders from this ad. **WRITE TODAY!**

ELMORENE CO.
290 Madison Ave.
Dept. 88,
New York 17, N.Y.



400 MOVIE & TV STAR PICTURES
WALLET SIZE

$1.00 POST PAID

A COMPLETE COLLECTION OF ALL YOUR FAVORITES AT A SMALL FRACTION OF WHAT THESE PICTURES WOULD OTHERWISE COST... IF YOU COULD GET THEM! JUST ¼c PER PICTURE

Here is a collection of screen favorites that is truly colossal. Large wallet size, beautiful glossy prints perfect for miniature frames, posting in your album or carrying in your wallet.

Your friends will turn green with envy when they see all these beautiful new photos of filmland's favorites in their latest portraits and informal poses. But this offer is understandably limited to a short time only. Don't delay, fill in the coupon at the bottom of this page and mail it with your $ 1.00 today. You will receive your 400 star photos by return mail. Remember, this offer is limited — mail your order today!

400 LATEST POSES OF ALL YOUR FAVORITE STARS

Jeanette Nolan
Linda Darnell
Hugh O'Brian
Jack Palance
Gregory Peck
Lee Bowyer
Edmund O'Brien
Frank Parker
Dick Powell
Alicia Ray
Donald O'Connor
Larry Parks
Tyrone Power
Johnnie Ray
Debbie Reynolds
John Payne
Anthony Quinn
Ronald Reagan
Charles Nevins
Tim Holt
Tab Hunter
Van Johnson
Jimmy Durante
Bob Hope
Jeff Hunter
Louis Jourdan
Craig Hill
Gilbert Norton
Richard Hylton
Danny Kaye
William Holden
Rock Hudson
Richard Lyndon
Howard Keel
Ray Bolger
Hazel Brooks
Sid Caesar
Bill Campbell
Sean Brady
Burns & Allen
James Cagney
Richard Carlson
Marion Brando
Richard Barron
Rory Calhoun
Carleton Carpenter
Gladys Cravelle
Rod Buttons
Red Campion
Samuel Carrott
Donna Corcoran
Donna Darnell
Jean Courtwild
Broadway Cassidy
Buddy McDonald
Olsen & Herron Nelson
Brenda Marshall
Audie Murphy
Gene Nelson
George Montgomery
Anna Maria Alberghetti
Margo & Gower Champion
Mercedes McCambridge

Susan Hayward
Judy Holiday
Elsa Gentry
Cary Grant
Kirk Jones
Phil Harris
Jackie Gleason
Farley Granger
Gary Gray
Sterling Hayden
Arthur Godfrey
Stewart Granger
Mark Griffith
Bill Haines
Lee Garmes
Kirby Grant
Van Heflin
Louis Hayward
Abbott & Costello
Keith Andes
Bobbie Arthur
John Barrymore Jr
John Agar
Dana Andrews
Gene Autry
Elinor Best
Richard Allan
Don Arnold
Lex Barker
James Gregg
Ben Alexo
Eddy Arnold
Don Barry Red
Humphrey Bogart
Lauren Bacall
Joan Bennett
Shirley Booth
Susan Cabot
Lucille Ball
Polly Bergen
Barbara Britton
Corinne Calvet
Susan Ball
Ingrid Bergman
Mary Brooks
Judy Canova
Ann Baxter
Ann Blythe
Veronica Brown
Teresa Brewer
Veronica Lake
Buddy Cardos

Gene Kelly
Fernando Lamas
Lash LaRue
Robert Livingston
Johnny Mack Brown
Joey Lewis
Abbott & Costello
Abbe Lane
Burt Lancaster
Alan Ladd
Allan Lane "Rocky"
Peter Lawford
Brenda Lawrence
Frankie Laine
Mario Lanza
Peggy Lee
Julie London
Hardy Laffoon
Barbara Lawrence
Vivian Leigh
Ida Lupino
Dorothy Lamour
Jack Lawrence
Janet Leigh
Joan Leslie
Shorty Lyons
Abbey Lane
Peggy Lee
Marie Lewis
Margaret McNamara
Piper Laurie
Janet Leigh
Joan Loring
Roberta Haines
George Reeves
Ray Rogers
George Sanders
Frank Sinatra
Michael Rennie
Robert Ryan
Randolph Scott
Red Skelton
William Reynolds
Robert Ryan
Johnny Sheffield
Robert Stack
Dale Robertson
Talbot
Barbara Sherwood
Chet Stratton
Pat Page
Jean Peters
Donna Reed
Maureen O'Hara
Debra Paget
Jane Powell
Debbie Reynolds
Jane Wyatt
John Wayne
Robert Wagner
Gary Merrill
Joel McCrea
Pat McVey
Vaughn Monroe
Dennis Morgan

Julie Adams
Merry Anders
Lo Ann Sumpter
E. T. Stevens
Elizabeth Taylor
Claudette Thevenon
Gale Sothern
Gloria Stewart
Jo Stafford
Gene Tierney
Barbara Stanwyck
Barry Sullivan
Shirley Temple
Elaine Tode
Jan Sterling
Lorene Thomas
Marie Toren
Hopalong Cassidy
Perry Como
Jerome Courtland
Tony Curtis
Jeff Chandler
Gary Cooper
Buster Crabbe
Dan Dailey
Montgomery Clift
Roy Carrigan "Crash"
Bing Crosby
Yvonne De Carlo
Lorraine Day
Faith Domergue
Jeanne Dru
Gail Davis
Yvonne DeCarlo
Linda Darnell
Penny Edwards
Jean Davis
Gloria Dickerson
Peggy Dow
Vera Ellen
Doris Day
Olivia DeHavilland
Cinderella Carlson
Arlene Dahl
Mary Castle
Leslie Carter
Ann Dvorak
Jean Evans
Cathy Downs
Dale Evans

Carmel Welde
Robert Young
Jane Russ
Ginger Rogers
Barbara Rush
Elizabeth Scott
Gail Robbins
Ruth Roman
Ella Raines
Ann Sheridan
Veronica Ray
Barbara Rush
Gail Russell
Gloria Stuart
Evelyn Rudegeair
Janet Rae
Jane Russell
Jean Simmons
Lynn Roberts
Audrey Hepburn
Jeanne Jones
Audrey Long
Kathleen Hughes
Shirley Jackson
Brenda Joyce
Lee Kirk
Ruth Hussey
Gloria Jean
Alice Kelley
Phyllis Kirk
Betty Hutton
Ann Jeffreys
Deborah Kerr
Pier Angeli
Mara Aidon

Eve Arden
Audrey Totter
Sarah Vaughan
Esther Williams
Shelly Winters
Lana Turner
Joan Vohs
Marie Wilson
Theresa Wright
Voli
Fran Warren
Mona Freeman
Jane Wyman
Marion Van Dorne
Joan Weldon
Loretta Young
Pat Wymore
Marilyn Monroe
Mary Wilson
Clint Walker
Jessie McLeod
Marilyn Maxwell
Ann Miller
Marilyn Monroe
Abby McLane
Virginia Mayo
Carmen Miranda
Terry Moore
Patricia Neal
Patricia Medina
Maria Montez
Paulette Goddard
Kathryn Grayson
Richard Widmark
Alice Young

Ellen Drew
Ann Francis
Ava Gardner
Lina Romay
Joan Fontaine
Alexis Smith
Judy Garland
Ella Fitzgerald
Florence Sutton
Kathy Forrest
Zsa Zsa Gabor
Betty Grable
Barbara Fuller
Lee Meriwether
Gordon McRae
Alan Reed
Jerry Mercer
Ray Marysmith
Betty Grable
Jane Greer
Jane Russ
Wanda Hendrix
Gloria Grahame
Barbara Hale
Roberta Haynes
Joyce Holden
Colleen Gray
Ruth Hampton
Josephine Cate
Jane Crawford
Janice Carter
Cyd Charisse
Stephen McNally
Dawn Adams
Jane Allyson

HOLLYWOOD STAR PIX

Dept. 2306, 1819 Broadway, New York 23, N.Y.

FREE BOOKLET

500 Stage and real names of top stars and their birthdays

Also...

2500 Names and addresses of actors, actresses, and directors, producers, talent scouts.

A real "Who's Who" of Hollywood. This booklet free with each order.

CLIP AND MAIL TODAY

HOLLYWOOD STAR PIX

Dept 2306 1819 Broadway, New York 23, N.Y.

Gentlemen: Rush my set of 400 pictures today and also include the free booklet. Send to:

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone ___ State _____

Enclosed is _____ check _____ cash _____ money order.

FOR TEN YEARS *DEATH* HAS SINGLED ME OUT, GETTING CLOSER AND CLOSER WITH THE PASSING OF TIME UNTIL OF LATE I COULD FEEL HIS CHILL BREATH ON MY FACE BUT I HAVE WAYS OF FIGHTING *HIM* OFF AND SO FAR I HAVE BEEN SUCCESSFUL - EVEN WHEN THE STRUGGLE BETWEEN US WAS AGONY. EIGHTY FIVE YEARS.' THAT'S JUST A NUMBER AND NOT A *REASON* FOR DYING. I HAVE THE BRAIN AND STRENGTH OF A YOUNG MAN AND I WILL GO ON LIVING...

NEVER TO DIE!

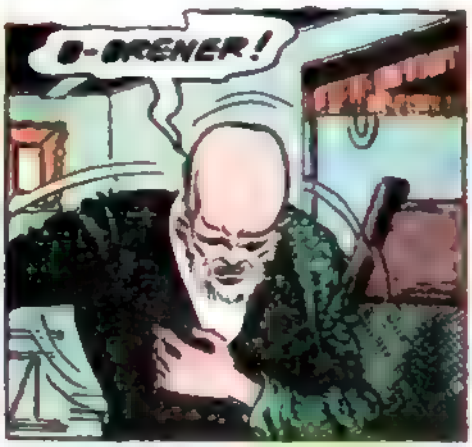
ACH~ OUU~ HARDER, MISS BRENER~ MASSAGE MORE.. MORE~ IT FEELS BETTER NOW~ BUT THAT THING THERE, ... *WHAT IS IT?*

BE CALM.. THERE'S NOTHING THERE, MR GAUNT! YOU'RE ONLY *DREAMING!*

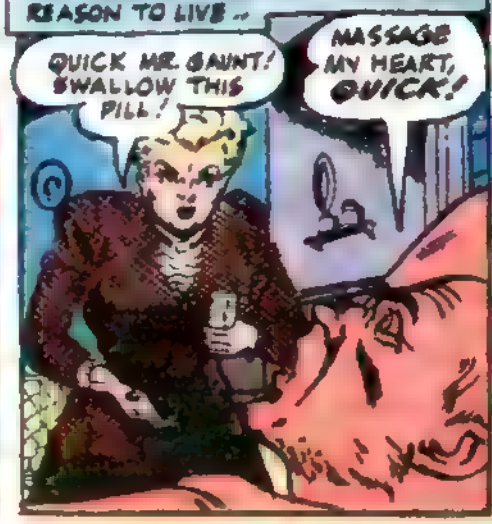
SO VAST IS MY WEALTH THAT EVEN I DO NOT KNOW THE EXACT EXTENT OF MY FORTUNE. I LIVE IN THE MIDST OF LUXURY, A STAFF OF SERVANTS IN CONSTANT ATTENDANCE ... YET BECAUSE OF THESE HEART ATTACKS I FEEL INSECURE, AS THO ALWAYS LIVING NEXT TO DEATH...

BUT NOW I HAVE ANOTHER HEART ATTACK .. BAD.. THIS TIME AND NOW I SEE IT AGAIN.. "IT'S A DREAM", I SAY TO MYSELF BUT IT WON'T GO AWAY... *I YELL*.....

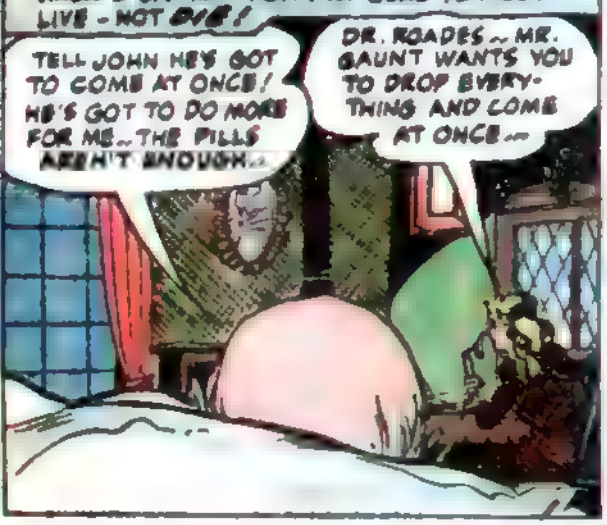
WHEN I AWAKE..THE FIGURE HAS GONE BUT THE PAIN IS STILL THERE. BUT WHEN I SEE THE FIGURE A VOLCANO ERUPTS WITHIN ME AND STEEL-LIKE FINGERS CLUTCH MY HEART - EXCRUCIATING PAIN WRACKS ME - MERE BREATHING IS AGONY.. THEN I YELL



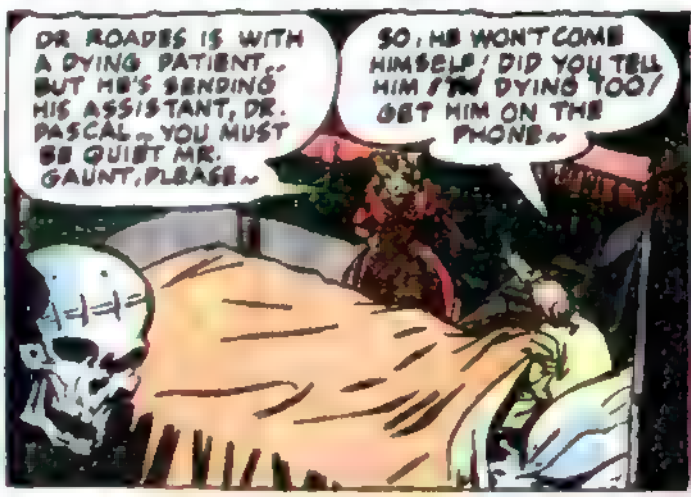
HOW CLOSE DEATH HAS COME THIS TIME! BUT I REFUSE TO GO INTO THE OBLIVION HE WANTS TO TAKE ME - ONE GLIMPSE OF THE BEAUTIFUL MISS BRENER AND I HAVE MORE REASON TO LIVE..



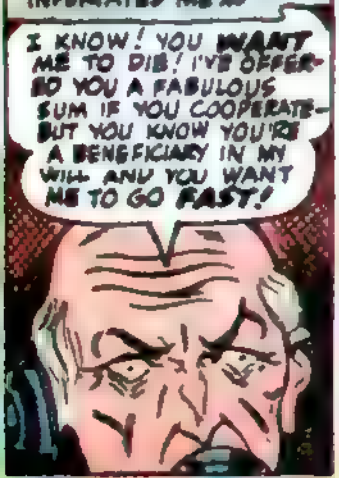
I HAVE NO TIME TO DIE I ENJOY MY POWER AND IMPORTANCE! IT IS RIDICULOUS THAT MY LIFE COULD BE SNUFFED OUT LIKE A CANDLE.. WHEN I CAN PAY FOR ANY CURE, I MUST LIVE - NOT DIE!



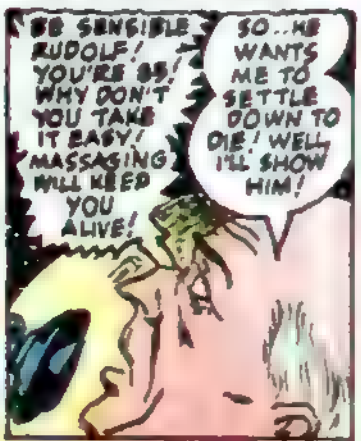
I HAVE EMPLOYED THE WORLD'S GREATEST HEART SPECIALIST, DR. JOHN ROADES — BUT HE DOESN'T SEEM TO REALIZE I COULD PAY ANY FEE, ANY FANTASTIC SUM, TO ANY SPECIALIST WHO COULD CURE ME, HE DOES NOTHING BUT FEED ME PILLS!



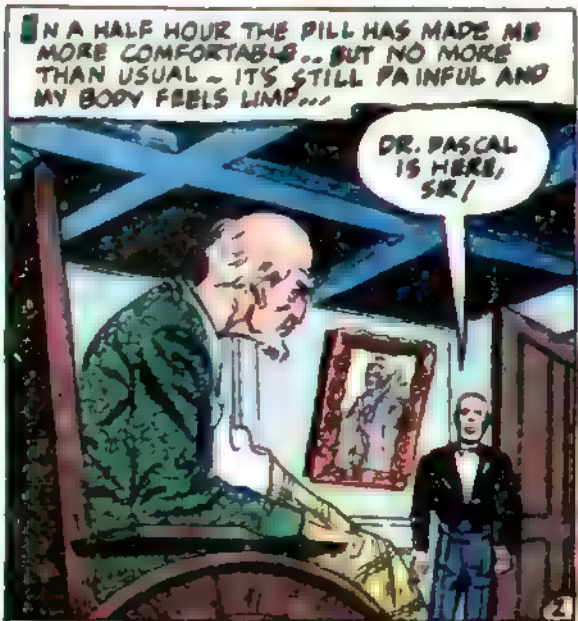
I LISTEN TO JOHN'S QUIET VOICE EXPLAINING THAT MASSAGING AND MY PILLS WILL HELP ME! HIS STUPIDITY INFURIATES ME...

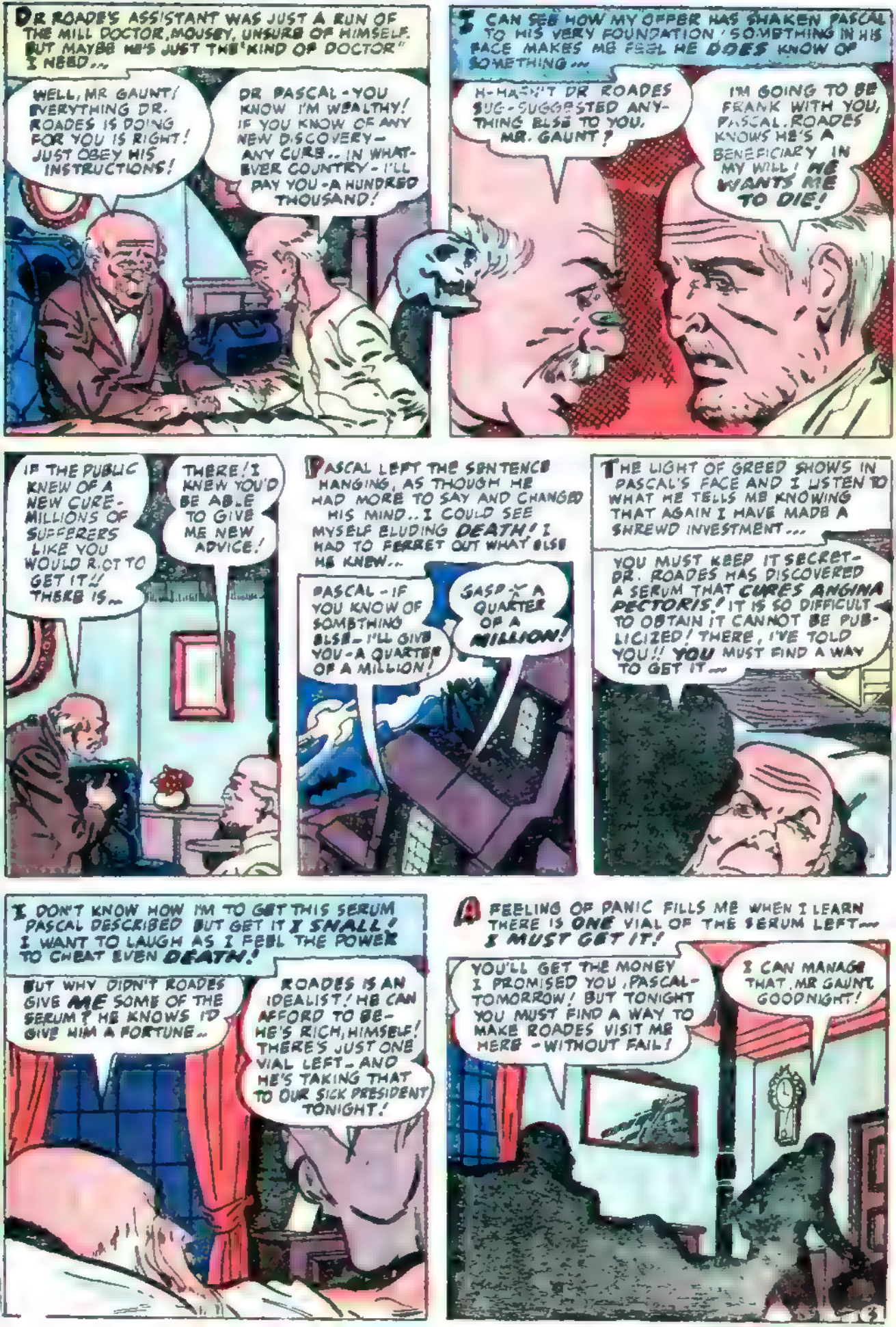


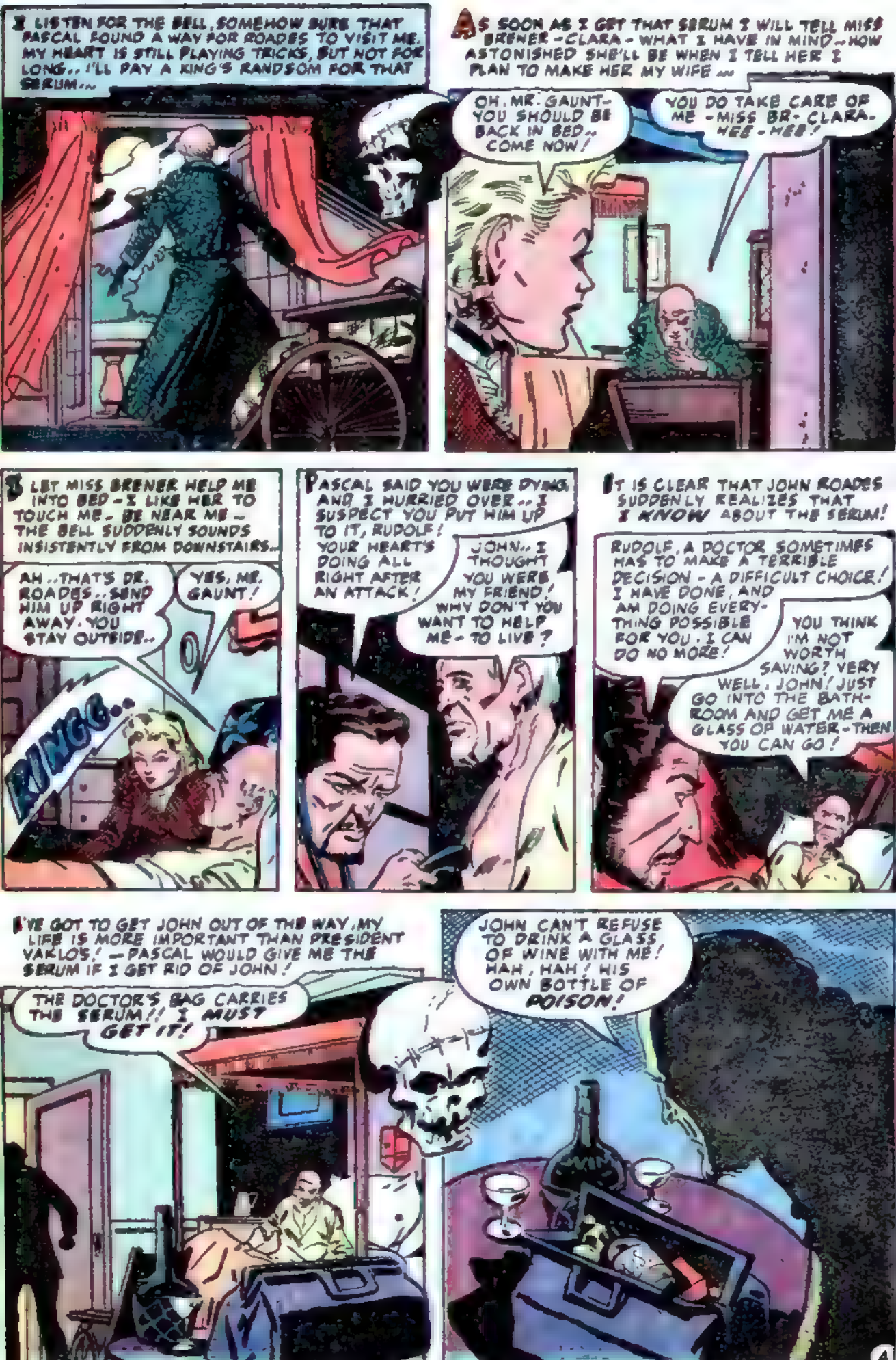
HIS PATIENT VOICE GOES ON EXPLAINING TO ME THAT I HAVE ANGINA PECTORIS AND THAT I CAN GO ON LIVING FOR A LONG TIME IF I FOLLOW HIS INSTRUCTIONS...



IN A HALF HOUR THE PILL HAS MADE ME MORE COMFORTABLE.. BUT NO MORE THAN USUAL - IT'S STILL PAINFUL AND MY BODY FEELS LIMP...




DR ROADES'S ASSISTANT WAS JUST A RUN OF THE MILL DOCTOR, MOUSEY, UNSURE OF HIMSELF. BUT MAYBE HE'S JUST THE KIND OF DOCTOR" I NEED...
WELL, MR GAUNT/ EVERYTHING DR. ROADES IS DOING FOR YOU IS RIGHT! JUST OBEY HIS INSTRUCTIONS!
DR PASCAL - YOU KNOW I'M WEALTHY! IF YOU KNOW OF ANY NEW DISCOVERY— ANY CURE.. IN WHATEVER COUNTRY - I'LL PAY YOU - A HUNDRED THOUSAND!
I CAN SEE HOW MY OFFER HAS SHAKEN PASCAL TO HIS VERY FOUNDATION / SOMETHING IN HIS FACE MAKES ME FEEL HE DOES KNOW OF SOMETHING...
H-HAS'NT DR ROADES SUG-SUGGESTED ANYTHING ELSE TO YOU, MR. GAUNT?
I'M GOING TO BE FRANK WITH YOU, PASCAL. ROADES KNOWS HE'S A BENEFICIARY IN MY WILL! HE WANTS ME TO DIE!
IF THE PUBLIC KNEW OF A NEW CURE- MILLIONS OF SUFFERERS LIKE YOU WOULD RIOT TO GET IT!! THERE IS...
THERE! I KNEW YOU'D BE ABLE TO GIVE ME NEW ADVICE!
PASCAL LEFT THE SENTENCE HANGING, AS THOUGH HE HAD MORE TO SAY AND CHANGED HIS MIND.. I COULD SEE MYSELF ELUDING DEATH! I HAD TO FERRET OUT WHAT ELSE HE KNEW...
PASCAL - IF YOU KNOW OF SOMETHING ELSE - I'LL GIVE YOU - A QUARTER OF A MILLION!
GASP - A QUARTER OF A MILLION!
THE LIGHT OF GREED SHOWS IN PASCAL'S FACE AND I LISTEN TO WHAT HE TELLS ME KNOWING THAT AGAIN I HAVE MADE A SHREWD INVESTMENT...
YOU MUST KEEP IT SECRET- DR. ROADES HAS DISCOVERED A SERUM THAT CURES ANGINA PECTORIS! IT IS SO DIFFICULT TO OBTAIN IT CANNOT BE PUBLICIZED! THERE, I'VE TOLD YOU!! YOU MUST FIND A WAY TO GET IT...
I DON'T KNOW HOW I'M TO GET THIS SERUM PASCAL DESCRIBED BUT GET IT I SHALL! I WANT TO LAUGH AS I FEEL THE POWER TO CHEAT EVEN DEATH!
BUT WHY DIDN'T ROADES GIVE ME SOME OF THE SERUM? HE KNOWS I'D GIVE HIM A FORTUNE..
ROADES IS AN IDEALIST! HE CAN AFFORD TO BE- HE'S RICH, HIMSELF! THERE'S JUST ONE VIAL LEFT - AND HE'S TAKING THAT TO OUR SICK PRESIDENT TONIGHT!
A FEELING OF PANIC FILLS ME WHEN I LEARN THERE IS ONE VIAL OF THE SERUM LEFT... I MUST GET IT!
YOU'LL GET THE MONEY I PROMISED YOU, PASCAL- TOMORROW! BUT TONIGHT YOU MUST FIND A WAY TO MAKE ROADES VISIT ME HERE - WITHOUT FAIL!
I CAN MANAGE THAT, MR GAUNT. GOODNIGHT!


I LISTEN FOR THE BELL, SOMEHOW SURE THAT PASCAL FOUND A WAY FOR ROADES TO VISIT ME. MY HEART IS STILL PLAYING TRICKS, BUT NOT FOR LONG.. I'LL PAY A KING'S RANSOM FOR THAT SERUM...
AS SOON AS I GET THAT SERUM I WILL TELL MISS BRENER - CLARA - WHAT I HAVE IN MIND.. HOW ASTONISHED SHE'LL BE WHEN I TELL HER I PLAN TO MAKE HER MY WIFE ...
OH, MR. GAUNT - YOU SHOULD BE BACK IN BED.. COME NOW!
YOU DO TAKE CARE OF ME - MISS BR- CLARA. HEE - HEE!
I LET MISS BRENER HELP ME INTO BED - I LIKE HER TO TOUCH ME - BE NEAR ME - THE BELL SUDDENLY SOUNDS INSISTENTLY FROM DOWNSTAIRS..
AH .. THAT'S DR. ROADES .. SEND HIM UP RIGHT AWAY. YOU STAY OUTSIDE..
YES, MR. GAUNT!
RINGG..
PASCAL SAID YOU WERE DYING AND I HURRIED OVER .. I SUSPECT YOU PUT HIM UP TO IT, RUDOLF! YOUR HEART'S DOING ALL RIGHT AFTER AN ATTACK!
JOHN.. I THOUGHT YOU WERE MY FRIEND! WHY DON'T YOU WANT TO HELP ME - TO LIVE?
IT IS CLEAR THAT JOHN ROADES SUDDENLY REALIZES THAT I KNOW ABOUT THE SERUM!
RUDOLF, A DOCTOR SOMETIMES HAS TO MAKE A TERRIBLE DECISION - A DIFFICULT CHOICE! I HAVE DONE, AND AM DOING EVERY-THING POSSIBLE FOR YOU. I CAN DO NO MORE!
YOU THINK I'M NOT WORTH SAVING? VERY WELL, JOHN! JUST GO INTO THE BATH-ROOM AND GET ME A GLASS OF WATER - THEN YOU CAN GO!
I'VE GOT TO GET JOHN OUT OF THE WAY. MY LIFE IS MORE IMPORTANT THAN PRESIDENT VAKLO'S! - PASCAL WOULD GIVE ME THE SERUM IF I GET RID OF JOHN!
THE DOCTOR'S BAG CARRIES THE SERUM!! I MUST GET IT!
JOHN CAN'T REFUSE TO DRINK A GLASS OF WINE WITH ME! HAH, HAH! HIS OWN BOTTLE OF POISON!

THE WATER HAS STOPPED RUNNING IN THE BATHROOM AND I KNOW JOHN WILL BE BACK IN A MOMENT.. I AM READY FOR HIM...

I CAN USE MY BRAIN FOR ANYTHING - EVEN TO STOP DEATH!

JOHN HAS SCOLDED ME. AS I KNEW HE WOULD AND WITH A LAUGH ACCEPTED MY OFFER OF A GLASS OF WINE BEFORE HE LEFT!!

A DRINK FOR FRIENDSHIP'S SAKE..

NOW YOU'RE BEING SENSIBLE, RUDOLF!

UNABLE TO STEP BACK IN TIME I FEEL THE DYING MAN CATCH HOLD OF MY ROBE, PULLING ME DOWN AS HE FALLS. A TERRIBLE PAIN RACKS MY HEART AS I STRUGGLE TO GET FREE...

RUDOLF - THE WINE'S ... POISONED! ARRRGH..

LET GO OF MY ROBE - AHHH!

AS JOHN COLLAPSES IN AGONY, HE PULLS ME DOWN WITH HIM.. THE STRAIN IS TOO MUCH - SUDDENLY, FAMILIAR STEELY FINGERS CLUTCH MY HEART AS THO WRINGING IT TIGHT! I WAIT FOR THE PAIN TO LESSEN AND THEN FRANTICALLY I DRAG MYSELF TO JOHN'S BAG - THE SERUM MUST BE THERE.. I SHALL BE SAVED...

WHICH - WHICH IS THE VIAL? SO MANY.. BOTTLES... I CAN'T BREATHE - I FEEL THE PRESENCE OF SOMEONE IN THE ROOM - NEAR THE OPEN WINDOW!

M-MISS BRENER!

QU-QUICK - MASSAGE!.. I CAN'T FIND SERUM - I CAN'T BREATHE.. M-- MASSAGE MY HEART SOMEONE!

YOU - YOU'RE NOT - MISS BRENER! WHO.. WHO?

THE CHILL PRESENCE COMES CLEARER THE FIGURE OF MY DREAM - NOW I'M NOT ASLEEP.. HE CALLS ME.. BUT I'M NOT GOING NO! I CAN STILL FIND A WAY...

YES.. I AM THE ONE PEOPLE CALL THE GRIM REAPER! I COME TO ESCORT YOU TO DEATH!

AS I DESPERATELY CATCH THE HAND OF THE GRIM REAPER AND HOLD THOSE BONY FINGERS CLOSE TO MY HEART I KNOW THAT AGAIN I HAVE WON!
GO ON - MASSAGE MY HEART .. YOU'VE GOT TO HELP ME! I WON'T GO WITH YOU - I MUST LIVE!
IF YOU TOUCH ME BEFORE YOU'RE DEAD GAUNT, YOU SHALL LIVE, BUT...
IT IS I, RUDOLF GAUNT, WHO HAS FORCED THE GRIM REAPER TO HELP ME! HE CAME TO GET ME! BUT I DID NOT GO - I USED HIM -- TO RESTORE ME TO LIFE!!!
I'M BETTER ALREADY! WHAT I MUST DO NOW IS GET DR. PASCAL TO FIND THE SERUM.. WH - WHAT ARE YOU SAYING GRIM REAPER?
.. ONLY THAT YOU HAVE NOW SUPERCEDED ME! YOU SHALL LIVE ON - AS THE GRIM REAPER!
I KEEP TRYING TO UNDERSTAND WHAT THE GRIM REAPER TOLD ME - BUT IT'S NO USE THE MEANING OF HIS WORDS ELUDES ME .. DIMLY I HEAR MISS BRENER'S SCREAM AS SHE ENTERS AND SEES DR. JOHN ROADES' BODY.. I CANNOT ANSWER THE QUESTIONS OF THE POLICE AS THEY LEAD ME AWAY...
HE SAID I SHALL" LIVE ON"...
EEEEEEEEEE
HE SAID THAT I SUPERCEDED HIM - I .. THE GRIM REAPER?
IF THE GRIM REAPER IS RIGHT - I CAN'T DIE! WHY DO THEY BOTHER HANGING ME?
FUNNY.. NOW I LONG TO DIE! .. I'M TIRED AT LAST..
I DON'T WANT TO LIVE LOCKED IN A CELL!
MY BODY SWINGS IN THE WIND AND YET I LIVE! I LOOK DOWN PITYINGLY AT THE FRIGHTENED, HORRIFIED FACES STARING AT ME...
OH, LORD! THE OLD MAN STILL LIVES! HOW WEIRD!
FOR TEN YEARS I HAVE BEEN FORGOTTEN IN PRISON!! ... YES I AM NOW THE GRIM REAPER! PAYING VISITS TO THOSE WHOM I MUST ESCORT TO THE OTHER SIDE.. UNTIL SOMEONE STOPS ME - I AM NEVER TO DIE!
PLEASE TOUCH ME, WON'T YOU? PLEASE LET ME DIE!
The End

We will send you the wonderful prizes pictured on this page . . . or dozens of others, such as jewelry, radium dial wrist watches, tableware, tools, U-Make-It kits, leather kits, sewing kits, electric clocks, pressure cookers, scout equipment, model airplanes, movie machines, record players, and many others . . . all WITHOUT ONE PENNY OF COST. You don't risk or invest a cent—we send you everything you need ON TRUST. Here's how easy it is: Merely show your friends and neighbors inspiring, beautiful Religious Wall Motto plaques. Many buy six or even more to hang in every room. An amazing value, only 35c . . . sell on sight. You can secure big, cash commissions or many exciting prizes for selling just one set of 24 Mottos. Write today for Big Prize catalog sent to you FREE!

SEND NO MONEY—*We Trust You!*

HERE'S HOW YOU GET YOUR PRIZES

Rush your name and address on coupon and we ship AT ONCE PREPAID your first set of 24 big size, 9x11, richly decorated Mottos On Trust. When you have sold the 24 Mottos, send the $8.40 you have collected and you can secure your choice of many wonderful prizes. If you prefer to EARN MONEY, send $6.00 and keep $2.40. Hurry, send TODAY for 24 Mottos ON TRUST and big PRIZE CATALOG FREE!

FREE!

MEMBERSHIP in the FUNman's Fun Club

EXTRA! Sell mottos and send payment within 15 days, and we'll give you FREE a year's Membership in the FUNman's Fun Club. Membership card, certificate, secret code, giant packet of fun materials all yours—PLUS many extra surprises!

SEND NO MONEY! . . . We Trust You!

The FUNman, Dept. F. 135
4545 N. Clark St., Chicago 40, Ill.

FREE BIG PRIZE CATALOG

Please rush to me on credit 24 Religious Wall Mottos, to sell at 35c each. Also include big Prize Catalog FREE. I will remit amount required as explained under description of prize in BIG PRIZE CATALOG within 30 days and select the prize I want or keep a cash commission as explained

NAME _____ AGE ____

STREET or RFD _____

TOWN _____ Zone ____ STATE _____

IMAGINE PRAYING TO OUR BLESSED MOTHER AND ACTUALLY TOUCHING BEADS CONTAINING WATER FROM THE MIRACULOUS SPRING CREATED BY HOLY MARY!

Beads Contain Water FROM THE Miraculous Fountain at Lourdes

THE EXACT PLACE WHERE ST. BERNADETTE SAW THE VISION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY!

IMAGINE — actually holding in your hand, touching with your fingers, beads containing water from the Miraculous Fountain at Lourdes, France — the exact place where St. Bernadette saw the Vision of Our Blessed Mother! The 2nd, 3rd, and 4th (Hail Mary) beads of this unusual new Rosary actually contain water from the Fountain at Lourdes. You actually SEE the water itself — permanently sealed in the transparent plastic beads! You'll feel closer than ever to the Blessed Virgin Mary when you say this Rosary because Our Blessed Mother created the Spring from which this water was taken!

WHAT HELP DO YOU NEED?

Now YOU can say this special Rosary, with 3 beads filled with Lourdes water, to help you gain special favors, graces, blessings, to deepen your understanding of the Rosary and bring you closer to Our Blessed Mother! Motion pictures, articles, plays, stories, radio programs—all have brought to millions of every faith the heart-warming story of little Bernadette and her Vision of the Holy Lady.

HOW THE MIRACLE HAPPENED!

A vision of A Lovely Lady appeared to Bernadette as she was searching for firewood. The Lady ordered Bernadette to dig. The little girl did dig . . . and a fresh, cool spring came bubbling up out of the ground. Sick people who bathed in this water grew well and many of the blind could see again! "Build here," said the Lovely Lady, "a great church. And tell people to pray and do penance and walk in processions." This was done and soon the wonderful Shrine of Lourdes was built. The Spring is still there at Lourdes, France and is visited by millions of pilgrims from all over the world!

Never — Never Before a Rosary Like This!

The special water-filled beads are made of clear, transparent polystyrene plastic, so that you not only FEEL the beads but actually SEE the water inside. These three special beads are made slightly larger than the other beads of the Rosary so that a generous supply of Lourdes water could be sealed in! The Rosary itself is a masterpiece of elegance. It is exquisitely cut with scintillating flame polished, simulated crystal beads. Linked together with tarnish-proof metal chain. Beautifully crafted drooping head Corpus is on brilliant metal cross. Attractively packaged in plastic jewel Gift Box on royal blue velvet. Your choice of Diamond Clear Beads, Sapphire Blue Beads or Black Ebony Beads. Only $2.98 each, 2 for $5.00 postpaid.

Send No Money — Examine Rosary FREE For 10 Days!

You must see, feel, examine, OWN this magnificent, "Lourdes" Rosary. Only a limited supply of precious Lourdes water is available so we urge you to act quickly. Send no money now. Simply mail the coupon, stating color of beads you desire. On arrival, pay only $2.98 for each Rosary, (2 for $5.00), plus small C.O.D. and handling charges. Or, to save delivery charges send remittance with the coupon. You must be completely delighted or return it within 10 days for full refund. For prompt action we will include ABSOLUTELY FREE, a fascinating little folder, "The Miracle At Lourdes." Mail the coupon NOW!

Patent Pending

The Gift of a Lifetime!
Especially For:

- Mother's Day
- Father's Day
- Loved Ones in Service
- Easter
- Christmas
- Holy Days
- Birthdays
- Anniversaries
- October — Month of the Rosary
- First Holy Communion
- Confirmation
- Weddings
- Graduations
- St. Valentine's Day

MAIL THE COUPON AT ONCE!

Special Mention Your Discount of 40%!
Formerly $4.98 Each
Now Only $2.98 Each, 2 for $5.00

INSPIRATION GUILD, INC., Dept. MC4
117 Sherman Ave., East Williston, N. Y.

Please send me _____ "Lourdes" Rosaries ☐ Diamond Clear ☐ Sapphire Blue ☐ Men's Ebony Black, at only $2.98 each, 2 for $5.00. I am enclosing check or money order for $_____ as payment in full. If not completely delighted I may return Rosary within 10 days for full purchase price refund.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

☐ Check here for COD shipment.

NOTE: We must ask you to pay COD and postal charges on COD shipments. If you send a check or money order we send you your Rosary postpaid and pay all postal and handling charges. Same money back guarantee in either case.

INSPIRATION GUILD, Inc. 117 Sherman Ave., Dept. MC4, E. Williston, N. Y.

DO YOU NEED MONEY?

NOEL DELUXE FEATURE CHRISTMAS ASSORTMENT
21 luxurious cards—including satin "puff", gold bronzing, red velvet, lovely embossing

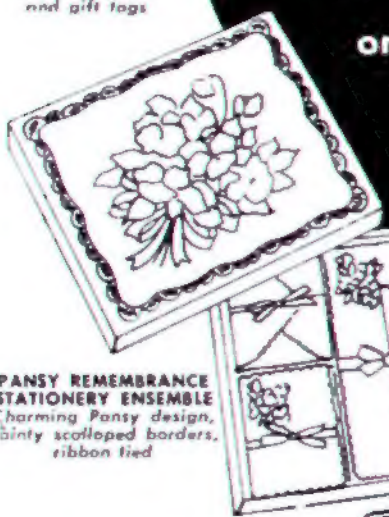
FUN A-PLENTY CHRISTMAS COMIC ASSORTMENT
Novel animated cards with original cut-outs, pop-outs, unique folds and novelty attachments—including jingle bells and 3-D glasses

$35.00 IS YOURS

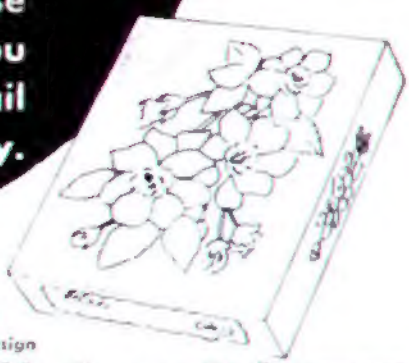
for selling only 50 boxes of our 300 Christmas card line. And this can be done in a single day. Free samples. Other leading boxes on approval. Many surprise items. It costs you nothing to try. Mail coupon below today.

DELUXE CHRISTMAS GIFT WRAPPING ENSEMBLE
20 large multi-color 20"x30" sheets in a fascinating variety of designs—plus matching seals and gift tags

BIBLE TEXT CHRISTMAS ASSORTMENT
Richly decorated religious cards with Scripture Text quotations



PANSY REMEMBRANCE STATIONERY ENSEMBLE
Charming Pansy design, dainty scalloped borders, ribbon tied



FAVORITE ALL OCCASION ASSORTMENT
Exquisite Birthday, Get Well cards of unusual beauty and design

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
REPLACEMENT OR A REFUND OF MONEY IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

FREE SAMPLES
PERSONALIZED CHRISTMAS CARDS and STATIONERY

Mail This Coupon Today

CHEERFUL CARD COMPANY
Dept. 55, White Plains, New York

Please rush samples and full details of your easy money-making plan.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

CHEERFUL CARD COMPANY, Dept. 55, White Plains, New York